

THE ACADEMY.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL.

The Councils of University College, Liverpool, and of the Liverpool Royal Laboratory School of Medicine are pleased to appoint a PROFESSOR OF EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS in connection with the above Institutions. The stipend of the Professor will be £400 per annum, together with a share of the Fees. The holder of the Professorship will for the present be required to give instruction in Mathematics, until a separate Chair of Mathematics shall have been endowed. He will also be expected to deliver a Course of Lectures to Evening Classes.

Candidates are requested to send in their applications and testimonials not later than JUNE 25TH, 1881, to either of the undersigned.

W. J. STEWART, 25, Lord-street, Liverpool.

R. CATOR, M.D., 183, Abercromby-square, Liverpool.

May 19, 1881.

THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, MANCHESTER.

THE STATUTES AND REGULATIONS regarding DEGREES, EXAMINATIONS, and COURSES of STUDY are now published. Students and others desirous of information may obtain copies on application to the Registrar.

R. ADAMSON, Registrar.

OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

The Senate propose to APPOINT a DEMONSTRATOR in the PHYSICAL LABORATORY who would be required to enter on his duties on the 25TH SEPTEMBER NEXT.

Full particulars may be obtained from the REGISTRAR. Applications should be made not later than the 14TH JUNE.

J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The PROFESSORSHIP of ARCHITECTURE will be VACANT at the Close of the Session. Applications for the Appointment will be received on or before JUNE 25TH.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

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The next ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at YORK, commencing on WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31.

President-Elect—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART, M.P., D.C.L., F.R.S.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS OF MEMOIRS.

Meetings of the Organising Committees for the several Sections will be held shortly, and Authors are requested to give notice of their intention to offer Papers.

G. GRIFFITH, Acting Secretary, Harrow, Middlesex.

CORPORATION of LIVERPOOL.

AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES IN OIL and WATER-COLOUR, 1881.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

The above EXHIBITION will OPEN in the WALKER ART GALLERY on MONDAY, 5TH SEPTEMBER. The days for receiving Pictures are from the 1st to the 13th of August, both inclusive.

Forms, Cards of Particulars, and all information may be obtained on application to Mr. CHARLES DYALL, Curator, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, to whom all Works of Art intended for Exhibition should be addressed.

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ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MONDAY, JUNE 20, 4 P.M.

PAPERS will be read by MR. R. B. E. BAILLIE, M.R.A.S., on "THE DUTY MUHAMMADANS, in BRITISH INDIA, OWING to the PRINCIPLES of their own LAW, to the GOVERNMENT of the COUNTRY;" by MR. ALBERT GRAY, M.R.A.S., "EXTRACTS from MR. C. P. BELL'S REPORT on the MALDIVE ISLANDS;" and by MR. DE LA COUPERIE, M.R.A.S., on "THE SINICO-INDIAN ORIGIN of the LAT ALPHABET."

W. S. W. VAUX, Sec. R.A.S.

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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

How I Crossed Africa. By Major Serpa Pinto. Translated from the Author's MS. by Alfred Elwes. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

(Second Notice.)

THE second volume opens with August 25, 1878, and becomes far more sensational. Let all those who are disposed to prefer the Pagan before the Moslem African turn over these pages and see what a sink of iniquity, a scene of abominations, of licentiousness, and of brutal drunkenness a Negro Court is. It is some satisfaction to know that all the actors who figure in the villanous drama submitted to the public have been killed off, except, perhaps, one Mashauána, head-boatman to the Munari (missionary?) Livingstone, who is shown in one of his illustrations (p. 498) taking a frog-like header when a hippopotamus capsized the canoe. Our explorer briefly fills up (chap. ix.) the gap between the conquest of Lui by Chibatano, or Sebituane, and his Basuto, who became "Ma-Kololo," a mixed multitude. He shows King Libossi, a fat lad, in billycock hat, overalls, socks of Scotch thread, and patent leather shoes. The *billet-doux* found in the pocket of a Portuguese uniform worn by one of the princes is suggestive. Lastly, we have a profile likeness of Gambella, Prime Minister and murderous villain, who has charge of the "War Office" and the "Foreign Office." These are wild beasts in human shape, apeing civilised man.

The first step was to forbid, under pretext of a civil war in which Muzungos (Wazungu, or whites) were aiding the enemy, Major Pinto from marching east upon the Zambeze. This line, *via* Cainco, on the River Loengwe, and through the Chuculombe country, would have shortened the journey by a third. The explorer was invited to act against the Europeans, who proved to be Mr. Selous, an English antelope-hunter lately returned home. He refused; accordingly, his party was reduced by desertion to fifty-eight men, and a felon attempt was made to assagai him. As the attack was checked by the revolver, his camp was fired on September 6; two of his "braves" were killed, and the scene is described as follows:—

"It was like a glimpse of the infernal regions to behold these stalwart Negroes, by the light of the lurid flames, darting hither and thither, screaming in unearthly accents, and ever advancing nearer, beneath the cover of their shields, while they brandished in the air and then cast their murderous assegais. It was a fearful struggle, but wherein the breech-loading

rifles, by their sustained fire, still kept at bay that horde of howling savages."

Nitro-glycerine won the day; and the murderers, a hundred to one, fled from the explosive balls.

King Lobossi denied all complicity in the attempt, and proceeded to starve out the explorer. Serpa Pinto retired to a neighbouring village, Catongo, where he could find fish. Then the last card was played. The traitor, Caiumbuca, "second in command," who had disappeared during the attack, came into camp, made an excuse which was accepted, and superintended the desertion of the whole party, except eight, of whom two were women. Major Pinto was again in despair; "it must be in some such state of mind as the one in which I was then plunged that men commit suicide." Yet he had by his side the brave Augusto, the politic Verissimo, and the faithful Camutombo. The fugitives had walked off with the ammunition; but they left "the King's Rifle" and thirty cartridges, which were eked out by making others. And again things had come to the worst. The explorer was informed that a Macúa (English) missionary had applied for leave to enter Lui, and resolved to march upon his station, Patamatenga Kraal, distant 375 miles. He honestly tells us that he would have preferred a Frenchman (ii. 98); and a sub-acid flavour runs through his book when speaking of England and the English who treated him so hospitably. Such is Portuguese feeling in our day. National benefits are so far contrary to the "quality of mercy" that they curse those who give and those who take.

When African "kings" fail to murder you, they become, after a fashion, subject. Lobossi was told to his face that he was a "crafty knave, a robber, and an assassin;" consequently, he supplied three canoes, he gave the truth-teller a "tusk of ivory," and they "parted the best of friends."

On February 24 the expedition started down the Liambai; but as the three craft would carry only three men, the rest marched along the bank, including Cora, the goat. She met with the fate of most pets; but Calungo, the parrot, who travelled on his master's shoulder, reached Lisbon. There is little to say of the voyage. The Itufa house (ii. 77) explains the Numidian "Magalia": the cats must have been brought there by some trader. The shooting of game (a lion and an elephant) and of rapids is described picturesquely. The Liambai, which runs through the great salt plain of Lui, lacustrine in ancient days, is broken in the lower bed by a succession of rapids and cataracts. The "gigantic Gonha" is forty-nine feet high; and the last bar, called "Cattina-Morira" (fire-extinguisher), reminds one of the Cachoeira Tira-calçoens (off with your trowsers!) on the Brazilian São Francisco.

These features make pretty pictures; snowy foam sparkling and dashing over coal-black rocks; emerald vegetation on the hilly banks and various gem-like aits; clear air, in which the mirage shows herds of animals with hoofs turned skywards; and no noise, the trees acting as mufflers. These features are caused by the fall of the country eastwards, and by walls of eruptive basalt crossing the stream.

The same is the case with the "largest cataract in the world," the Mosi-wá-tunya Falls on the true Zambeze, composed of the Liambai and the Cuando. Major Pinto would call the upper Zambeze the river from its sources to the Main Falls; the middle course from these to the Kebrabassa Rapids; and the lower to the Indian Ocean. I should prefer the terms Liambai-Zambeze, upper Zambeze, and lower Zambeze. He visited this "wonder of the Zambeze," and erroneously translates it "the Great Water." The words Mosi (smoke, spray) wá-tunya (does thunder)—i.e., "Thundering Spray"—form the Sisuto (Basuto) name fairly rendered by Dr. Livingstone; it may be "cumbrous," but it is picturesque and appropriate. The explorer took immense trouble with his sextant, and ran some risk. It is to be hoped that a geologist will presently visit the country and determine the centre of eruption whence the basaltic dykes originally flowed. Like the extinct craters of Auvergne, the volcano must have been upon the border of a great lake.

"The Coillard Family" (the second part of the book) opens with meeting two white men, Dr. Benjamin F. Bradshaw (zoologist) and his assistant, Mr. A. Walsh. Presently appeared the Rev. François Coillard, ex-director of the Leribe station, and one of the French missionaries who have overspread Basutoland. This gentleman settled an unpleasant and even serious "palaver" with the greedy and treacherous natives, and went northwards on business. Major Pinto travelled south-east to Luchuma, where he found "two guardian angels," M^{me}. and M^{lle}. Elise Coillard, who poured hot tears over "cheeks that were parched and cracked with fever."

Good nursing, chloral, and laudanum enabled the traveller to visit the grand "Thundering Spray." On this trip he again describes those mighty storms which all African travellers have encountered and which none can forget. They dwarf the petty meteors of Europe. In Unyamwezi I was able to read small print by the electric light, which was continuous as that of the Aurora Borealis in the Far North; and the roar of the thunder was an incessant bass, varied, but not broken, by the rattling treble when the "bolt" is supposed to fall. On Camarones Mountain I saw the "Roman-candle"-like display described by Major Pinto. The fireballs in the blazing air separated near the ground into two, three, four, and even five, which darted along horizontally and struck as many different points—I made my men lie down under their blankets. The Africo-Portuguese explain these meteors by the universal presence of iron in the soil. Their violence must be due to electrical conditions which call for scientific investigation.

As provisions fell short at Patamatenga Kraal and Daea, the missionary family, fifteen souls, including Major Pinto and his men, in four waggons set out (December 2) for "thirty days in the desert." They skirted the Eastern edge of the "Sahara of the South, the terrible Kalahári," a counterpoise of the great North-African waste; the two lie south and north of the regular Tropical rains, and taught both ancients and moderns the stock phrase "desert in Central Africa." The vast Kalahári sands intersecting the stiff clays

swallow up the huge streams fed by the highlands nearer the Equator, and hence the enormous salinas. The typical "pan" called Masaricare is an elliptical depression 9 to 16 feet deep, and measuring 120 to 150 by 80 to 100 miles in length and breadth. The double flow of the Zouga or Botletle River, the lowest course of the Cubango, is confirmed and well explained by Major Pinto. He has named the great tract between the Zambeze and the Kalahári "Baines Desert;" and that energetic explorer, so harshly treated during life, well deserves the posthumous honour.

On the last day of 1878 the party entered unwholesome Shoshong, the capital of Khama, convert and king of the widespread Bamangwato tribe, the "most notable nation of South Africa." Shoshong is a big bee-hive of 15,000 souls; the native cells are mud-and-thatch huts; the missionaries and merchants prefer brick, roofed with galvanised iron. The explorer was well treated by the hard-riding king and the English settlers; it is again a wonder that "beefsteaks, potatoes and ham, tea and cigars," did not kill him. Mr. Taylor supplied him with "Fly," a "horse of the desert," that had been "salted"—why call it *salé*?—and a loan of £200. This enabled him to hire a travelling waggon, in wretched condition, from a poor devil of a Transvaal-Englishman, called Stanley, and on January 14, 1879, to set out for Pretoria.

After losing the way, our explorer crossed the Limpopo, Oori, or Crocodile River, and entered the Transvaal, a name which has come to smell strong in the British nostril. The journey produced nothing but a few sporting episodes with antelope and ostrich, leopard and lion. Presently he reached a Boer camp, and was hospitably received, "because Portuguese, not English." He has no illusions about these Afrianders; he tells us openly that, "though Europeans in colour and professing the faith of Christ, they are the veriest barbarians in customs and behaviour" (i. 355). Yet most pathetic, as he tells it, is the tale of these unfortunates, whose treatment by the weakness of the Colonial Office and by the rapaciousness of the English colonist is a scandal to our history. Their wanderings for liberty and conscience' sake, their successive expulsion from the Cape to the Orange River, from the Orange to the Vaal River, from the Vaal to the Transvaal, and from the Transvaal to the drouthy desert, is a commentary on the Jewish exodus as told by the Jews. We may remark that Major Pinto gives no specimens of Boer "barbarism;" he was everywhere well treated by them. Nor can he now complain that "so little has been written about the Boers." One of his sentences sounds *quasi*-prophetic. "It is devoutly to be wished that they may not one day be goaded into proving their valour on the heads of those who so systematically slander them" (ii. 305).

Major Pinto, "speaking with greater frankness than usual," declares that the sin of discrediting the Boers lies with the missionaries. He is in no wise anti-missionary; but he paints in vivid colours the practice of pitting the African against the European. "To tell the ignorant savage that he is the equal of the civilised man is a false-

hood; it is to preach revolt; it is a crime. It is to be wanting in all those duties which were imposed upon the teacher when he set out for Africa. It is to be a traitor to his sacred mission." These brave words deserve to be read between Sierra Leone and Cape Town.

At "Soul's Port" mission-house took place the last death in Major Pinto's reduced party; here he buried Marcelina, the wife of the brave Augusto. The survivors reached Pretoria on February 12, 1879. The miserable Zulu War then raging prevented his making Lourenço Marques. After enjoying society, and not enjoying the impertinence of a booby lieutenant who could not see a gentleman under an old coat, he travelled to Durban by a dog-cart and the railway. Here he embarked (April 19), touched at various African ports, and crossed Egypt to Lisbon. He carried with him the "remnant of the expedition," reduced to seven, and photographed in *memoriam*.

We have now crossed Africa from sea to sea with Major Pinto. His book has one great merit—it makes us thoroughly acquainted with the author, body and mind; while the consensus of reviews pronounces him an uncommonly good fellow. His sentimentalism comes naturally from a Southron; in the case of an Englishman we should think of that sleeve-wearing of the heart that attracts daws. Hence he prefers the sugared insipidities of Dom Jayme, the "blossoms of the soul," to the glorious song of Camoens. A "man of feeling," he is subject to fits of anger, of despair, of excitement; he even believes in the unluckiness of the thirteenth day, and storms affect him with the horrors. He is energetic as Dr. Livingstone in freeing slaves by main force; and he is not rebuffed even when the slaves assure him that they do not want his freedom. He testifies to the change worked in inner Africa by the suppression of the export trade, and his testimony encourages us to hope for the best. Slavery, cannibalism, and polygamy were universal, prevailing at different times in all regions; and the former did good work by saving life and by laying the first feeble foundations of human society. But now they have ended their task; they are looked upon as abominations, like other effete things, by civilised society. And civilised society is right; only it ought to recognise the reason of its abomination—the injury done to the slave and the evil effects upon the slave-master. Finally, he suffers from "terrible attacks of spleen and home-sickness;" and it is "hard lines" for a man to be delayed for months by runaway porters when a young wife and a fair child are awaiting his return. The song tells us that

"Married men should stay away
From the hunting of the bear."

Perhaps Benedict, when young, could do better things than explore inner Africa.

Physically speaking, Major Pinto is not made for a life in Africa, where the weak must go to the wall. Dr. Livingstone advised the embryo elephant-hunter to test his nerve by standing in front of a railway train and jumping aside before it can touch him. I prefer two trials; how my novice enjoys a beefsteak and onions on waking at

four a.m., and how he can spend a week under a tree with the *minimum* of occupation. Major Pinto's emotional nature makes him, like a French *Alpiniste*, a traveller *malgré lui*; and his outer man is not tough enough. He sleeps in sheets; he uses spectacles; he wants salt with his meat—the condiment may be necessary with eggs, cereals, and vegetables, but a flesh diet contains sufficient salt to feed the blood. He yearns for bread; his eyes grow misty with tears at the sight of a loaf; harder travellers have not eaten bread for years, and hardly care to eat it again. He hates the "unholy chorus of jackals and hyenas;" to my ear few sounds are more pleasantly exciting than the music of the "golden dog." Lastly, he must carry a bath, make a toilette, and use perfumery; and he seems never to have tried the wholesome native practice of greasing the skin.

Prof. Elwes has done his work well; his translation appears Portuguese in the spirit only, not in the letter. Of course there are minor lapses. Why should the well-known M. Antoine d'Abbadie (i. 10) be called Antonio; or "Caffra-clicks," *cliques* (ii. 189); or a Kruboy, Keruboy (i. 18)? "Hystrix Africano" (i. 48), Fetus Arboreos (for Filix arborea, Cyathea dregei? i. 245), "infusory animalcula" (in the plural, i. 252), Numida meleagris, a guinea-fowl turned into a partridge (ii. 81), and Penicetum for Pennisetum (ii. 117) call for correction; while "*Audacia Fortuna juvat*" (i. 93) was certainly not a watchword of the Romans. "Kiosque," "wigwam," and "tomahawk" are used in the usual loose, vague way; sycamore is the vulgar English spelling for sycomore; gingerba (i. 244) is a misprint for jinguba, a ground-nut; malanco (i. 353 and ii. 84) stands for the mpalanca (*Hippotragus equinus*); and Calahári (in two places, ii. 225 and 323) for Kalahári; while tsee-tsee is better written tsetze; and Betania should be "Bethany." Scorpions sting but do not bite (i. 330); and a man never lies *perdue*. Here and there we have awkward English, like "the residences of white ants" for termite-hills (i. 248); "the spot was an arid one;" "the re-appearance [emersion] of a satellite;" "caustics" used for blisters (ii. 272); a "lot more requests;" a "convocation to war," and "consumed the remainder" for "ate the rest." We are puzzled to understand "In April 1878 the remains of the Swede, Oswald Dagger, were likewise consigned to the earth, and whose body lies in Luchuma" (ii. 172). The Portuguese *remedio* is better rendered "medicine" (a charm) than remedy; *cobra* should be translated generically, snake or serpent, not left to suggest a species; and *Negro* is not a "nigger;" the latter word, which occurs thrice in three pages, means, not a black man, but a black slave.

To conclude this long notice, which I have vainly attempted to shorten. Thanks to pen and pencil, to author and translator, to artist and publisher, *How I Crossed Africa* gives a peculiarly vivid and life-like idea of the country and its people; indeed, I know no other that in this point excels it.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

Locii e Libro Veritatum: Passages selected from "Gascoigne's Theological Dictionary," illustrating the Condition of Church and State, 1403-58. With an Introduction by James E. Thorold Rogers, M.P. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

To those interested in the social and religious history of England prior to the Reformation, the publication of this book supplies a great desideratum. "Gascoigne's Theological Dictionary," as it is called, has been quoted by a few historians and antiquaries in relation to some special subjects; but the original MS. is not accessible without a journey to Oxford, and a seventeenth-century transcript in the Cottonian Library was so much injured by the fire at Ashburnham House that the text is considerably mutilated. Yet if MS. copies of the work had abounded in every public library, they could not have afforded the means of studying it attentively, as we may very well perceive by the fact that it was referred to by both Anthony Wood and Hearne, but neither of these zealous antiquaries made further use of it than to transcribe a few notices relative to the University of Oxford. Most people will probably agree with Mr. Rogers that, if Hearne, at least, had known what else was to be found in it, he could hardly have forbore to publish some more important extracts.

The author, Thomas Gascoigne, a man of good connexions, with two sisters married into noble families, was a native of Hunslet, a hamlet now absorbed in the suburbs of Leeds. He himself incidentally tells us that the year of his birth was 1403; and Mr. Rogers shows that he must have gone to Oxford not later than 1416, when he was only thirteen years old. Such early attendance at the universities was quite usual in that age. He seems to have resided at Oxford almost continually from that date to his death in 1458. He was made Doctor of Divinity in 1434, and the same year he was Chancellor of the University—a dignity to which he appears to have been several times re-elected in later years. His thoughts were much devoted to theology, and very little apparently to sound principles of grammar. His writing is the most careless that could well be imagined, full of redundancies and endless repetitions, besides being characterised by occasional solecisms in the use of the inflections which we should hardly have looked for in one who was in his own day eminent for learning. But, with all this, the matter of his comments is frequently of the very highest interest in connexion with the moral, religious, and intellectual struggles of the fifteenth century. Other writers of the time give us the details of civil war. Gascoigne is absolutely alone in showing us how the heart of the nation was stirred in matters affecting social and religious life.

His *Liber Veritatum*, commonly called his "Theological Dictionary," is a transcript made in accordance with directions contained in his will of a number of papers which he wrote and bequeathed to Sion Abbey, the whole being arranged under headings in alphabetical order. Eight or ten transcribers, Mr. Rogers informs us, must have been engaged upon the work; and the cost of

copying could not have been less than £50 in money of the time. Evidently the worthy doctor did not undervalue his own performances when he made costly bequests to have them grouped and classified and transcribed in this manner. The case is somewhat like that of Zachary Boyd and his metrical version of the Bible; except that Gascoigne, who lived before printing was introduced into England, fortunately did not insist on the publication of an edition every year. Nor does he write such balderdash as the benefactor of Glasgow University, but his literary style is not a whit more polished. And though possibly he was not so much moved by mere vainglory as by a sincere desire to preserve the memory of some important facts, the fate which has overtaken his work has been pretty much what might have been expected when a man thinks a good deal of what he has done himself. It has slept for four centuries in MS., all but universally forgotten.

Nevertheless, as we have said, from an historical point of view there is matter in this book of very high interest indeed. Nor can we do more than indicate briefly the sort of revelations to be met with in its perusal. Occasionally, but it is comparatively seldom, there are crumbs of information even on political history. For instance, it is something to know, if Gascoigne is right about the matter, that Jack Cade's assumption of the name of Mortimer was not absolutely unwarranted, as he was descended from a bastard branch of that family. This we are told as a positive fact (p. 190); and it really, perhaps, makes the story of his insurrection a little more intelligible. It is added, but only as a rumour, that he was betrayed by one of his servants, when he was wounded and brought dead to London. But the main interest of the whole book centres in the state of the Church in the days when Gascoigne wrote; and what he has to tell us in this respect is certainly not a little remarkable.

What with schisms in the Papacy and a number of other abuses, the Court of Rome had already lost much of the respect that had been in old times paid to it. It was believed, Gascoigne informs us, that a Pope who should attempt to reform the Court of Rome would incur great danger of being poisoned or slain. That Court was the fountain from which flowed indulgences for sin and illegal "provisions" to benefices. Rome levied the first-fruits of newly elected bishops, and took care not to confirm their appointments until the tax was paid. It was an abuse that somewhat smacked of simony, and Bishop Pecock no doubt scandalised other good people besides Gascoigne by defending it. The venality of Rome had been publicly denounced in Rome itself by Friar Thomas de Calva, but he fell a martyr to the resentment of two of the cardinals, who caused him to be burnt as a heretic. Yet such was his reputed sanctity, and so numerous were the miracles ascribed to him, that we are told he would have been afterwards canonised by Pope Nicholas V. but for the opposition of the College.

In fact, it was precisely at its centre of government that the Church was most corrupt; and it was generally the higher benefices in

every kingdom that were the most unworthily filled. There was a shameless traffic in these at Rome; and fat English livings were occasionally held by Italians, like Prosper Colonna, who, even after being deprived by Papal authority, when his archdeaconry of Canterbury was given away by Archbishop Chichele, addressed any Englishmen he met at Rome with the demand, "You English, give me back my benefice!" In a state of such utter laxity it is not wonderful to hear that boys were promoted to bishoprics and fools got preferment, while old divines and scholars were neglected. Gascoigne himself feels a little personal soreness on this point, contrasting his own case with that of an empty-headed fellow who was Archdeacon of Oxford, and held twelve prebends besides, without ever having been ordained. This man never visited any of his benefices; he was utterly illiterate, and was in the habit of getting drunk daily. Many of the bishops, too, were absentees attending on the Court; for the Courts of princes did not exercise a much more favourable influence on the Church than did that of Rome. Even the pious and well-meaning Henry VI. made things worse rather than better by selecting bishops as his confessors contrary to the practice of former kings, who merely chose good divines and left the bishops free to attend to their dioceses.

Unfortunately, the one bishop who appears to have been the ablest, and who was probably the best of his time, was looked upon by Gascoigne, and many others as the special enemy of the Church. Bishop Pecock does not seem to have been one who neglected his episcopal duties; but he maintained, in opposition to the Puritan feeling of the day, that preaching was no necessary part of a bishop's functions. The main object of Pecock's writings was to stem the tide of Lollardy by argument, and vindicate ecclesiastical institutions and usages against the constant objection that there was no sufficient warrant for them in Scripture. But the remedy was considered worse than the disease, for Pecock seemed to disparage the authority of Scripture itself, and adopt something of a rationalistic tone. This gave deep offence to the religious prejudices of the vulgar, and Pecock was compelled to abjure before men who were certainly far from his equals in theology. But Gascoigne is particularly bitter against him for putting forth the doctrines that bishops were not bound to preach, and that they did not sin in paying first-fruits to Rome for their bishoprics. It was these declarations, he seems to think, that gave birth to the tumults and insurrections that preceded the civil war.

It is impossible to do justice within the limits of an article like this to the many subjects of interest contained in the book before us. Prefixed to it is a very interesting and well-written historical Introduction by the editor, which the reader will find of considerable service. It is rather astounding, however, to meet with such a statement as at p. xxii., that the despotism of Henry VIII. made England, till the time of Cromwell, a third-rate Power in Europe. This is certainly a new view of history.

Mr. Rogers tells us that he has read the whole of Gascoigne's MS. through, and that there is little matter of interest in the purely

theological part of the work. But has he omitted nothing else that is of value? I copied a few years ago some extracts from Dr. James's transcript in Vitellius C. ix., which he seems to have omitted; and, among others, under the heading "Rex," I find the following relating to Henry VI., which surely is of some importance:—

"Item. idem Rex debet quinquies centena millia librarum aliis, et non habet unde vivat honeste, nec unde debita sua solvere poterit; et tamen consilarii ejusdem Regis quos fecit dominos de garcionibus instanter consulunt Regi quod non resumat redditus regios quos ipse consilariis et aliis dedit; et non permittunt petitionem parliamenti audiri quod instanter petiit Regem resumere illa quae a seipso alienavit et a suis successoribus; quae resumptio esset juridica autoritate totius parliamenti. Et tamen idem Rex ad hoc non concessit; eo quod praedicti mali consilarii dixerunt ei quod hoc esset dedecus Regi; et tamen majus dedecus et majus malum sequitur ex hoc quod non facit sicut parliamentum suum petiit fieri, eo quod Rex illius regni nec habuit unde viveret nec unde debita sua excessiva solveret nisi de collectis factis per totum regnum suum. Item idem Rex, quantumcumque irascitur cum servo suo probato falso, in crastino ejusdem irae obliviscitur, et applaudit et favet eidem falso consiliario ac si nunquam peccasset idem falsus consiliarius contra Regem suum."

Apart from the account here given of Henry VI., I am astonished that a passage so interesting for the feeling it expresses touching parliamentary government should have escaped the notice of such a student of constitutional history as Mr. Rogers.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

Foreign Secretaries of the Nineteenth Century to 1834. By Percy M. Thornton. In 2 vols. (W. H. Allen.)

MR. THORNTON is, we are afraid, doomed to a great disappointment. He has set his heart upon accomplishing the impossible, and there can be but one end to his labours. The wave of public opinion is flowing in a channel which he dreads, and he has undertaken the duty of diverting its course. In these evil days there are politicians who can even regard with equanimity "a Lord Mayor's show degraded to such a commonplace level that the good citizens of London do not care to walk across the street to behold what is fast becoming the shadow of its former splendour;" and such persons Mr. Thornton recoils from with horror. Mr. Canning, "we may be quite sure, would not have been found endeavouring to deprive us" of the pleasure which attends that ennobling spectacle. That was a great merit in Mr. Canning's character; but unfortunately there existed side by side with this virtue defects which prevented him from rising to the proud position occupied by his rival in the House of Commons. Lord Castlereagh is the statesman whom "with pride we designate our hero," and this feeling leads the enthusiastic biographer into some very strange conclusions. The cries of exultation which burst from the lips of many of the bystanders at the burial of Lord Castlereagh in Westminster Abbey could not, fierce as was then the struggle for supremacy in the Senate, have sounded with pleasure in the

ears of his political opponents; but such a scene should at least make the historian hesitate before he describes the funeral of Lord Castlereagh in that national mausoleum as the tribute of a grateful nation. The peace which was framed at Vienna is the test of the foreign policy of Lord Castlereagh, and that must decide whether his views for the settlement of Europe were good or bad. Mr. Thornton contemplates the provisions of the peace, and pronounces them very good. One part of Poland has been annexed to Austria, and another has been absorbed by Russia. The minor States of Italy and Germany have ceased to possess a separate existence, and are merged in greater kingdoms. Holland and Belgium have long since been dismembered from the unequal yoke which bound together two nations of opposite tastes and opinions. "Turkey in Europe," in the forcible language of Mr. Thornton, "has shrivelled up, and Greece become a kingdom, while Austria has lost the leading position in Germany." All this he recognises, but still exclaims that "the general tenor" of the provisions of the peace remains unaltered. Mr. Thornton may, perhaps, desire to change his eulogy of the work of Lord Castlereagh for the plea that at all events it was in accordance with the views of his supporters; but even that defence cannot be accepted as correct. There were politicians—Southey is one of them—of the same party as the Foreign Secretary of 1815 who ardently longed for the creation at that time of a great power in the North of Germany and for the formation of a United Italy.

The author of these *Lives of the Foreign Secretaries of 1800 to 1834* has evidently come to his task with strong opinions as to the course of action which the rulers of England should adopt in reference to the other Powers of Europe; but it is only fair to acknowledge that for the most part he holds his opinions well in check. If, in referring to a well-known literary Review, he speaks—somewhat incorrectly, by-the-by, as to fact—of "the sober pages edited by the refined and eloquent Croker," there is, fortunately for the happiness of his readers, little trace in the chapters of this work of the peculiar sobriety which distinguishes Mr. Croker's essays on politics or literature. The views of Mr. Thornton place him in antagonism to both the great political parties in the State; and it is, perhaps, for this reason that he has forborne from bringing his own theories more frequently under the notice of his readers. To a sympathiser with the "forward" school of foreign policy, the sentiments on the great struggles of the European Powers with the forces of Napoleon which were expressed by Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville must seem utterly opposed to the true interests of his country. Even a strong Liberal, little as he could sympathise with the longings of Mr. Thornton, could not feel much surprise if he condemned the speeches of the prominent Whigs of that period. But Mr. Thornton, instead of yielding to the temptations which beset his path at this part of his labours, has endeavoured to show that there were both justice and moderation in the arguments of Mr. Fox and his colleague in the Upper House.

There is, it must be confessed, a delightful

feeling of good temper about these pages; their author regards all the Foreign Secretaries of this century with admiration, and lauds them all to the skies. If his testimony can be accepted as conclusive, the world has allowed the recollection of some of the most eloquent speeches which ever fell from the lips of English orators to perish. Even the late Lord Harrowby, whose name is only remembered because, at the time of the first Reform Bill, he exerted himself to secure its passing through an unwilling House, is described "as essentially an eloquent man;" and "a great speech of his at an early meeting of the Bible Society" is revived from the obscurity of sixty years since. When Lord Dudley took his seat in the House of Lords, in 1825, he discharged the time-honoured task of moving the address "in a world-renowned speech," which had the good fortune to combine "ingenuity and precision of thought" with "elegance of style." Mr. Thornton is perhaps the only man in England who could, without a smile, bring himself to put on record the sentence that, "as an orator, Lord Castlereagh cannot aspire to the highest rank."

One piece of good fortune has fallen to the lot of Mr. Thornton. He has been allowed, through the liberality of their present owner, to examine the papers of the first Lord Bexley, and to reproduce in *facsimile* a few of the letters which that forgotten Chancellor of the Exchequer received from his colleagues in public life. No politician of the present century has dropped out of the knowledge of mankind more completely than the fortunate Minister who for nearly twelve years had the care of England's finances. But the importance of the times in which he lived, and the prominence of the statesmen among whom he moved, would justify the publication of a memoir of his life. It should be Mr. Thornton's duty to revive the recollection of Mr. Vansittart. The work should prove a success, but that gratifying result could only be attained by his learning to express himself with greater clearness than in the *Lives of the Foreign Secretaries*. There are many sentences in this work which, like sour grapes, set the teeth of the reader on edge.

W. P. COURTNEY.

The Mythe of Life: Four Sermons; with an Introduction on the Social Mission of the Church. By Charles William Stubbs, M.A., Vicar of Granborough. (Macmillan.)

WE could have wished that Mr. Stubbs had chosen a more appropriate title for his valuable little book. *The Mythe of Life* formed the subject of a lecture on the tenth book of Plato's *Republic*, which was delivered by him in St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel. And some sort of connexion between it and the subsequent sermons may certainly be traced; but the title fails to indicate the thoroughly practical character of most of the volume. The point which Mr. Stubbs urges with great power and no little eloquence is the larger range which Christianity must take if she is to retain her hold upon the masses. Religion must not only deal with future happiness and distant blessings, but do something to brighten and beautify the life

that now is. The dulness of village life and the squalor of town life are the practical difficulties which beset the clergyman in his endeavours to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes. To expect that high spiritual graces will flourish where decency and morality barely exist, is not less extravagant than to look for elevated hopes and desires where the daily round is made up of labour and sleep and feeding, and the whole existence is "of the earth earthy." Mr. Stubbs has seen too much of the realities of village life to join in the usual rhapsodies of poets and novelists, and is not the man to ask an agricultural labourer, "What is your highest idea of human happiness?" and be shocked with the reply: "A public-house fire roaring up the chimney, and a fiddle going." He thinks it his duty as a clergyman to provide his poorer neighbours with stimulants which shall not be vicious, and with pleasures which shall not be merely gross and sensual. His plan is to give the people in church cheerful services, hearty music, and simple sermons; to provide workmen's clubs and temperance coffee-rooms where the interest of the public and not that of the publican is the first thought; to circulate books and newspapers, and have plenty of "penny readings" and popular concerts, and to do all this as a part of the clerical work of the parish. And, lastly, he suggests another means by which some rays of light may penetrate the heavy atmosphere. "Let us make our village school-rooms into picture galleries and museums of art." He shows that, at a very small cost, the walls might be hung with objects more interesting and attractive than the maps and diagrams which now scarce relieve the bareness. Copies of good pictures, portraits of the heroes of our own country and other countries, and works of art selected for the specific end of training the taste of the children might be bought for little, and form the subject of many an entertaining lesson.

Mr. Stubbs, no doubt, is supreme in his own village school; but we shrewdly suspect that a committee of farmers, especially in these days of agricultural depression, would pooh-pooh his suggestion and decline to incur expenses which, after all, the auditor might justly disallow. Such matters must be left to the generosity of an aesthetic and enthusiastic rector, or to the young ladies of the Hall, or to the good offices of the Kyrle Society.

With the main purpose of the book we have no fault to find. On the contrary, it deserves, and has, our heartiest approval. The country parson has the best opportunities for benefiting the labourer if he will but avail himself of them. He is generally a landowner, and might surely in these times reap advantage himself by taking the labourer into partnership in the cultivation of his glebe. He is personally acquainted with the dwellings of the poor, and might surely do his best to render them decent and wholesome. He has had the parish committed to his charge; and there is nothing in his commission to show that his care is to be restricted to the souls, and not to extend to the bodies in which they are enshrined.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

The Georgics of Virgil. Translated into English Verse. By James Rhoades, Assistant-Master at Sherborne School. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

It is always pleasant to welcome a scholarly version of the Roman Hesiod, to ring again the changes on the corn, trees, cattle, and bees, whether under the inspiration of Virgil's text studied as by Mr. Doddridge Blackmore in his classic market-garden, or polished by Mr. Rhoades in the scholarly cloisters of Sherborne. No exercise gives alike greater nicety and exactness to the Muse; none tends to such well-weighed thought and mature production of which the painstaking and tentative grower need not be ashamed. The hardship is that space for quotation is perforce limited nowadays. It is simply vain to attempt even a taste of each Georgic. Even an admired sample of a favourite passage no sooner charms with a new and happy version than stern discipline bids us defer to a less-encumbered season the contemplation of the mysteries of grafting and inserting eyes, of the Corycian sage, and the trim, smiling gardens of Paestum. Howbeit, it is delightful ever to hark back to the beneficent guidance which reformed the golden age ("Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni": *Georg.* i. 125-60.)

"Before Jove
Fields knew no taming hand of husbandmen
To mark the plain, or mete with boundary line.
E'en this was impious; for the common stock
They gathered, and the earth of her own will
All things more freely, no man bidding, bore.
He to black serpents gave their venom bane,
And bade the wolf go prowl and ocean toss;
Shook from the leaves their honey, put fire
away,

And curbed the random river's running wine:
That use by gradual dint of thought on thought
Might forge the various arts, with furrow's help
The cornblade win, and strike out hidden fire
From the flint's heart.

Then divers arts arose. Toil conquered all,
Remorseless toil, and poverty's shroud push
In times of hardship. Ceres was the first
Set mortals on with toils to turn the sod
When now the awful groves 'gan fail to bear
Acorns and arbutus, and her wonted food
Dodona gave no more. Soon, too, the corn
Gat sorrow's increase, that an evil blight
Ate up the stalks, and thistle reared her spines
An idler in the fields; the crops die down;
Upsprings instead a shaggy growth of burrs
And catclaps; and amidst the corn-fields trim
Unfruitful dandel and wild oats have sway.
Wherefore, unless thou shalt with ceaseless rake
The weeds pursue, with shouting scare the
birds,

Prune with thine hook the dark field's matted
shade,
Pray down the showers, all vainly shalt thou eye,
Alack! thy neighbour's heaped up harvest-mow,
And in the green wood from a shaken oak
Seek solace for thine hunger."

In verses 144, 145 we like better Mr. Blackmore's rendering,

"Then came the various arts: Oh! grand success
Of reckless toil and resolute distress."

But in 155 the same translator englishes "votisque vocaveris umbram," "And call with many a vow the shower to aid." Perhaps Mr. Rhoades's version is here the more terse. An excellent specimen passage might be quoted without detriment to the new translator from *Georg.* i. 370-86. The premonitory signs of rain, and indeed the portents which were

harbingers of Caesar's death, are equally well rendered. Such passages breathe a classic atmosphere, and suggest a lively appreciation of Virgil's courtly, cultured muse. But we must cull a few lines on grafting and inoculating from *Georg.* ii. 65-82—"scilicet omnibus est," &c.

"But the rough arbutus with walnut fruit
Is grafted: so have barren planes ere now
Stout apples borne, with chestnut flower the
beech,

The mountain-ash with pear bloom whitened
o'er,
And swine crunched acorns 'neath the boughs of
elms.

Nor is the method of inserting eyes
And grafting one; for where the buds push forth
Amidst the bark and burst the membranes thin,
E'en on the knot a narrow rift is made
Wherein from some strong tree a germ they pen,
And to the moist rhind bid it cleave and grow.
Or other wise in knotless trunks is hewn
A breach, and deep into the solid grain
A path with wedges cleft: then fruitful slips
Are set herein—and no long time—behold!
To heaven upshot with teeming boughs the tree
Strange leaves admires and fruitage not its own."

It does not strike us that there is so much power in the rendering of the last four lines as in Mr. Blackmore's conclusion of the same passage, where we read:

"Nor long
Till a great tree with laughing boughs leaps
out,
And looks up in astonishment and doubt
At stranger leaves and fruit that must be wrong."

Fain would we take another leap to the scenery of the Third Georgic, to Mantua, and

"Where Mincius winds more vast in lazy coils
And rims his margin with the tender reed,"

and, sallying thence, scan with modern critics the points of the cattle of old. One verbal question we must advert to. When invoking Pales, in iii. 294 *et seqq.*, to keep the sheep through the winter months in well-littered sheds, Mr. Rhoades talks of "pen-cotes" (p. 77). We doubt authority for this word, whether in English dictionary or local glossary.

JAMES DAVIES.

NEW NOVELS.

The Free Lances: a Romance of the Mexican Valley. By Capt. Mayne Reid. In 3 vols. (Remington & Co.)

The Future Marquis. By Catherine Childar. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Net with the Golden Meshes. By Matthew Seton. (Remington.)

The Heirs of Errington. By Emma Jane Worboise, Author of "Joan Carisbroke," &c. (James Clarke & Co.)

CAPT. MAYNE REID'S novels are always heavily spiced with adventure. It would be scarcely fair to criticise them as works of literary art, for we imagine their highest purpose is to be entertaining. In this they usually succeed, and *The Free Lances* is no exception to the Captain's rule. "Cut and thrust" might have been its motto, and it is full of the blood-and-thunder business so dear to the hearts of boys, if not to the average Mudie readers. It opens with a picture of certain volunteers for Texas at New Orleans, the chosen captain of the band being the

hero of the novel—or rather one of its heroes—Florence Kearney, an Irishman. He is in love with Luisa Valverde, whose father, a Mexican refugee, is a victim of the tyrant Santa Anna. Kearney has a rival, both in love and war, in Don Carlos Santander, with whom he fights a duel, and whose life he spares—an action which he lives to repent. The one having called the other a “cur of an Irishman,” and the latter having retorted with “cur of a Creole,” the feud becomes, of course, a deadly one, leading ultimately to the death of the base wretch Santander under extraordinary circumstances, which we must leave the reader to discover for himself. The truly graphic style of the novel may be gathered from this description of Santander's bearing, after his card has been demanded by Kearney:—

“‘Take it!’ hissed the Creole, flinging his card on the table. Then, glaring around as if his glance would annihilate all, he clutched hold of his hat, bowed haughtily to Don Ignacio, looked daggers at his daughter, and strode out into the street.”

All which is very fine, and to the manner born of a Spanish or Mexican bravo; and that would be cold and contemptible criticism which could stop to enquire how Don Carlos could hiss out the words “Take it!” In the duel to the death, the reader will be in fear for some time lest his favourite hero, Kearney, should be pinked; but the Irishman happens to know *terce* as well as *carte*, and, being able to keep a straight arm also, all goes off as it should do, and he remains the conqueror. The hair-breadth escapes which the gallant volunteer is taken through in the course of these three volumes are truly wonderful, and it would be really too bad to attempt a summary of them. The course of true love runs anything but smoothly for sometime, but in the end all is adjusted, and two pairs of turtle doves are made happy. The very titles of some of the chapters will show what a treat there is in store for the reader. Take, for example:—“A Lady in the Case,” “A Colonel in Full Feather,” “Do your Darndest,” “Tyrant and Tool,” “A Wooden-legged Lothario,” “A Pair of Beautiful Petitioners,” “A Woman's Scheme,” “In the Sewers,” “A Mysterious Missive,” “The Play of Eyes,” “Over the Cliff,” “A Danae's Shower,” “Under Arrest,” and “Surrender.” The “reading” of this novel has been very badly done. The well-known Latin phrase appears as “*res augustae domi*,” we get Luisa and Louisa, Talpam and Tlapam; *arriere pensee*, both words without accents; “Patriar y Libertad,” &c.

Miss Childar's story, if not very strong in talent, is exceedingly readable. If it be, as we imagine, a first effort, it is very promising. Most persons will follow with interest the fortunes of Tom Hayling, a young artist, who afterwards becomes Marquis of Dorset, and of the girl who remains true to him through every vicissitude, Mary Lamont. It is something in a novel when the writer so draws her chief characters that you feel a genuine desire to know what becomes of them, and this is certainly the case as regards the present story. There is a wicked, under-

mining girl in the story, one Zoe Ridsdale, who makes the running for Mary, and we were rather curious to know what would become of her, for die she must according to the exigencies of the story. Miss Childar, nevertheless, disposes of Zoe by an exceedingly bold stroke, and one that would not disgrace a practised craftsman in the art of storytelling; yet we are bound to say that the manner in which this naughty woman leaves the world is a good deal more ingenious than probable. We noticed several things which, in our opinion, disfigured the book, notably another advertisement of Cockle's pills. Now, as regards our literature, Capt. Burnaby did quite enough for Cockle. Just as there were strong men before Agamemnon, so there were pill-makers before Cockle, as indeed there have been since; and it only seems fair to give one of the other preparations a chance.

One scarcely knows what to say of Mr. Seton's volume. It is certainly not without talent; but the humorous strokes are thrown on in such a slap-dash manner as to become burlesque. *The Net with the Golden Meshes* is the story retold of the collapse of a great Scottish bank. The life of splendour and luxury led by the chief director, and the ruin he ultimately brings on hundreds of families, are well depicted. Of course, there is a love-story in the case, but it has a terrible ending, Mr. Seton pointing by this example the moral of the far-reaching misery and ruin which these gigantic bank catastrophes involve. But there is surely exaggeration in the manner in which Mr. McRory, the rich bank director—a religious Pecksniff, and worse—is drawn. And when Mr. Seton describes him as “an active member of the Scottish Sabbath Desecration Alliance,” he has surely inadvertently omitted to place the word “Anti-” before the title of the society. When this amiable being is further described as “proffering” the elements to the attendants at the sacrament, we presume that the word “proffering” is meant. Far be it from us to place any limits upon the stupidity and ignorance of rich *parvenus* like Mr. McRory, but when a man pays seven thousand three hundred guineas for a picture at Christie's he certainly ought to know whether it is “a J. M. Turner or a Linnle.” This Mr. McRory does not know, and he speaks of another picture by Faed, for which he also gave a large sum, as the work of “some-one beginning with an F—‘Frail,’ or ‘Firth,’ or ‘Frith,’ or some name like that; anyhow, it was the man who painted the ‘Derby Day’ and the ‘Railway Station.’” While Mr. McRory is robbing the poor, he is so consistent in his daily life that he would refrain from opening a letter on the Lord's-day, or from taking a look into his Monday's newspaper lest it should have been printed late on the Sabbath night! The plot of this short story is very slight, but it is worked out well enough.

Miss Worboise holds a unique position as a writer for that large class of persons who like novels, but like them with a distinctly religious tone. Her stories do not exhibit that masterly touch which we recognise as genius, but they still have many merits, chief

of which is that they are always readable. *The Heirs of Errington* is no exception in this respect, and there is no doubt that it will be very popular with the author's numerous admirers. G. BARNETT SMITH.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Collected Works of Francis Sibson, M.D., F.R.S. Edited by William M. Ord, M.D. In 4 vols. (Macmillan.) The late Dr. Sibson was one of the most industrious and painstaking of observers. At an early period of his career his attention was drawn to the changes in form and mutual relation of the internal viscera occurring under various conditions of health and disease; and he followed up this subject with untiring perseverance during a long and laborious life. Many, perhaps most, investigations in the domain of physiology and medicine are, unavoidably ephemeral. Their results are speedily incorporated into wider generalisations, or replaced by others founded on newer and more accurate methods. It is the privilege of anatomical enquiries that they are less subject than any others to this law of absorption and replacement. Their value, such as it is, remains unaffected by the lapse of time. This is the excuse, if excuse be needed, for the re-issue of Sibson's papers in a collected form; though the somewhat luxurious fashion in which the book is got up may doubtless be ascribed to the piety of survivors. Twenty-six papers are included in the collection. Of these a great majority are anatomical in substance if not in name; a few are concerned with the physiological action and therapeutic uses of certain narcotics. Those belonging to the former group are unquestionably of greater permanent value than those included in the latter. All are marked by the distinguishing qualities of the author's mind—unwearied industry and what may almost be called a passion for accuracy and precision of statement, even when this does not seem to be called for by the intrinsic importance of the matter in hand. He had the artist's reverence for every detail, however trifling, which might contribute to the completeness of the picture. The editor deserves much praise for the taste and judgment with which he has performed his task. The short biographical notice of the author is a model of its kind; it tells us all that we need know about him, and nothing that we have no right to know.

The Dentists' Register for 1881. (Published by Spottiswoode and Co. for the General Medical Council.) A list, issued by authority, of persons registered under the Dental Act. The most interesting part of the volume is a table on p. 24 showing the nature of the qualifications in virtue of which the names of 5,266 persons have been put on the Register. We find that 565 have obtained licences in dental surgery from various examining boards in the United Kingdom; three are doctors in dental surgery of American universities; while no less than 4,698 owe their place on the Register to the fact that they were, on their own declaration, in *bona fide* practice of dentistry before July 1878. It follows, therefore, that registration does not, at present, afford any guarantee to the public that the registered person has been taught his business, or that he is, in any sense, competent to carry it on.

The Chain of Ages traced in its Prominent Links by Holy Scripture. By W. B. Galloway. (Sampson Low.) This is a book which it is an impertinence in an author to call upon a reviewer to read. The first and most obvious duty of a writer who undertakes to handle the chronology of ancient history is to make himself acquainted with all the materials for the

work which have been brought to light by modern research. Any discussion of the subject is worthless which ignores the monumental evidence of Egypt and Assyria. Of all this, however, Mr. Galloway is not only utterly ignorant, but when he does show a glimmering consciousness of it he contrives to misunderstand his authorities. But enough has been said of a book which believes the age of the world to be revealed in the height of the "Great Pyramid," which finds the "lost tribes" in the Ethiopian people, and which tells us that "the Ethiopian tyrant and Sophi or philosopher, Sesostris, by race designated 'Aithiops,' also pronounced and written 'Aphiops,' and by abbreviation 'Phiops,' varied as Aikheops or Aighiops, and thence 'Kheops' and Aegyptus, [is] the same person with 'Osymandyas.'" And yet the man who can write thus presumes to determine the chronology of the ancient world. Before finishing with Mr. Galloway, we hope for ever, we would ask how he came to know that, in the year B.C. 1796,

"the burning out of the region of Sodom and Gomorrah . . . which had been going on from generation to generation . . . caused a subsidence of the land to a lower level than the Ghor of the Arabah . . . and the waters therefore spreading and accumulating over a wide surface produced the flood in the time of Ogyges?"

We are afraid that these statements will not gain the assent either of geologists or of any visitors to the Dead Sea who can use their eyes.

Das Goldland Ofir. By Ad. Soetbeer. (Berlin: Herbig.) Dr. Soetbeer argues with considerable ingenuity in favour of placing the Biblical land of Ophir on the western side of Arabia, in the neighbourhood of the present district of Asyr, where, according to Agatharkides, gold was found. The arguments, however, with which he attempts to set aside the identification of Ophir with the Indian Abhira are not convincing. He has not fairly met the philological arguments, more especially the remarkable similarity of the Hebrew *thukiyim*, "peacocks," to the Tamil *togei*. His chief argument is based on the assumption that the gold brought from Ophir to Solomon was the product of a single expedition. But there is nothing in the Biblical account to justify this; on the contrary, it would seem from 1 Kings x. 22 that expeditions returned home every three years, and that the large amount of gold collected by Solomon was the combined result of these. Dr. Soetbeer is not likely to find other critics to agree with him in thinking that the passage he quotes from Eupolemos is other than a confused echo of Biblical history.

A Book of the Beginnings. By Gerald Massey. In 2 vols. (Williams and Norgate.) A book of this kind must excite a feeling of pity in the most icy-hearted critic. It bears evidence of unstinted labour, no cost has been spared in its production, and, above all, its author is a man of genius who thoroughly believes in all that he has written. And yet we are safe in predicting that no other sane man will be found to do the same. Mr. Massey finds the Egyptians everywhere. They have colonised the British Isles, have inspired the books of the Old Testament, and have even made their way to New Zealand. The method by which these conclusions are reached makes one despair of driving into the heads of the present generation any idea of what is meant by scientific enquiry. Mr. Massey goes to language to support his theories, and imagines that long lists of Egyptian words placed side by side with English or Hebrew or Maori words of more or less similar sound and meaning are enough to prove their common relationship. *Act*, for example, is the Egyptian "*akh*, verb of action; *t*, participial terminal." Can Mr. Massey, with the irony

permissible to poets, be simply laughing at us? If so, the joke is somewhat heavy and over-long.

William Ellery Channing: a Centennial Memory. By Charles T. Brooks. (Boston, U.S.A.: Roberts.) Channing was a good and, from some points of view, a great man, but had we not known these things before we are pretty sure that we should have been unable to have extracted them from the pages of this biography. A weaker book we have seldom come upon. To find a fitting parallel we must turn to some of the silly Lives of modern saints—ecstatic nuns and so forth—which are from time to time put forth by the less-cultivated members of the Latin Church. Edification is the common excuse for this very feeble sort of literature. We do not know whether the American Unitarians have found it necessary to say anything to arrest judgment in Mr. Brooks's case. If they have done so we would remind them that silly biographies, though they may give some pleasure to a very few stupid people, and even be of real service during the contest for the election of a President, are, in themselves, an evil; and that it is little short of an outrage to write them about good and thoughtful people who are no longer with us. All English-speaking people honour the memory of Channing for many good reasons quite apart from his theological convictions, one of the most prominent of which is that he was an enemy of slavery before the great movement from which it received its death-blow had taken form. He was, indeed, an almost absolutely consistent advocate of rational freedom in nearly every direction, and yet never uttered his opinions in a clamorous or vulgar manner.

The Manliness of Christ. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. (Macmillan.) The greater part of this work has already appeared in *Good Words*. It has, however, been carefully revised, and, if we mistake not, undergone considerable enlargement. The tone is orthodox throughout, but it is a wide and liberal orthodoxy far different from that of our old divines and most of their living representatives. To criticise such a book as it deserves would carry us very far away, and into regions where it is not at the present wise to enter. Thus much may be said, that assuming the Gospel narratives to be in the main true chronicles of events, and that the miraculous portions of them are an integral part of that truth, we do not believe that Mr. Hughes has overstrained his facts or painted his picture in too deep colours. Mr. Hughes is not by any means a commonplace writer or thinker; whatever he says on a grave subject, whether we agree with him or not, is worthy of serious thought. The following passage on miracles is highly instructive, though it suffers much in being cut off from its context:—

"It seems to me to be going quite beyond what can be proved, or even fairly assumed, to speak of His miracles as supernatural, in the sense that no man has ever done or can ever do the like. The evidence is surely all the other way, and seems rather to indicate that if we could only have lived up to the standard which we acknowledge in our inmost hearts to be the true one—could only have obeyed every motion and warning of the voice of God speaking in our hearts from the day when we first became conscious of and could hear it—if, in other words, our wills had from the first been disciplined, like the will of Christ, so as to be in perfect accord with the will of God—I see no reason to doubt that we too should have gained the power and the courage to show signs, of if you please, to work miracles, as Christ and His apostles worked them."

On whatever subject Mr. Hughes writes, speaks, or lectures, we may be sure of having historical and political illustrations; sometimes they are very apt, at others we cannot but think them incongruous. We fear the latter may be said

of his noble words concerning John Brown the anti-slavery martyr. We are not concerned to discuss whether any mention of him in the precise place where it occurs is in the best possible taste, but if it be not we can quite easily forgive him, for the rising generation are but too likely to let John Brown drop out of memory, and we cannot afford, for many a day to come, to lose the stimulus that the contemplation of that noble and simple life is calculated to give.

Eastern Proverbs and Emblems, illustrating Old Truths. By the Rev. J. Long. (Trübner.) The title-page of this work is likely to mislead, especially as the book forms a part of "Trübner's Oriental Series." It ought to have borne some such words as "Biblical Emblems explained and compared with Eastern Proverbs." Mr. Long has selected from the Bible a number of texts, in the greater part of which some simile or comparison is contained, each of which he accompanies by moral reflections suggestive of sermon notes, with a few proverbs appended by way of conclusion. To the religious world the book may possibly prove remarkably attractive; but it can have no value for scholars. As by far the greater part of the volume is occupied by Mr. Long's moralising, the fairest way of dealing with it will be to cite, without comment, one of its briefer sections. The following specimen will speak for itself:—

"THE BURDEN OF SIN.—MATT. II. 30.

"A burthen presses heavily on the chest as the tenderest part, so sin on the heart, provided it be not past feeling, Eph. 5, 14; Christ, pressed by the weight of the world's sins, sweat blood, Luke 22, 44; a burthen impedes action, so does sin, Heb. 12, 1; believers are to bear one another's burthens Gal. 6, 6; not so did the priest who passed by on the other side of the way, Luke 10, 31; the Jewish law ordered one to relieve even the ass of an enemy. Sin is to be carried not as a golden chain round the neck, but as an iron chain round the feet. The devil, when he mocked Eve, did not see sin a burthen, neither did the old world when it ridiculed Noah's building the ark, Gen. 3, 4, 5. A burthen is unpleasant.

"China—Forethought is easy, repentance is hard.

"Bengal—Faith in God is the root of all devotion; deliverance from evil is only her servant.

"Japan—Good physic is bitter."

Aristology; or, the Art of Dining. By Thomas Walker, M.A. With Preface and Notes by Felix Summerly. (Bell.) The editor of this little book need not have disguised himself under a *nom de plume*. He deserves the thanks of all those—and they are many—whose digestion compels them to refuse the copious, but ill-judged, hospitality of modern dinner-givers. Bad as was the state of things against which Walker lifted up his testimony nearly half-a-century ago, it was hardly worse than it is now, notwithstanding the great changes which increased intercourse with the Continent has brought about. The sacrifice of comfort to show, the absence of originality and invention, the lack of any guiding principle, are as conspicuous as ever. Reform is urgently needed; and Walker's Cobbett-like plainness of speech may perhaps do something to lift the average Amphitryon out of the groove into which, consciously or unconsciously, he has allowed himself to settle.

NOTES AND NEWS.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has lately returned to Athens from a tour of exploration in the Troad, and has since started for Berlin. Among other discoveries he believes that he has ascertained the site of the altar of the Twelve Gods.

LIEUTS. CONDER AND MANSELL are now at Jerusalem. They have found that they cannot

begin work in the Hauran at present, in consequence of the Druse troubles in that district.

FOR the second time an offer of a Professorship of English in one of the leading colleges in the United States has been offered, in most flattering terms, to Mr. Henry Sweet; and on this occasion the offer is backed by the guarantee of a thousand a year, and the help of a tutor for class-work, for eight months' lectures in the year. But, as absence from England means absence from Anglo-Saxon MSS., and severance from old friends and from those students whom Mr. Sweet is forming here into the new phonetic school of which he is the acknowledged head, he has felt obliged to decline the graceful and tempting offer of the American scholars to join them permanently in their teaching work in the States; though he has expressed the hope that, as soon as he is clear of the four books he has now in hand, he may be able to pass a winter in America and deliver one course of lectures there.

THE Clarendon Press are just publishing an edition of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus by Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The *Agamemnon* is well known to be so hard a play that it is only read at schools in the upper forms, and only there because of its incomparable beauty. This edition is, accordingly, rather more elaborate than the school editions of easier plays, and is intended to meet the needs both of sixth forms at schools and of university students.

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL AND Co. will publish immediately *A New Commentary on the Gospel according to Matthew*, being the first volume of a Commentary on the Historical Books of the New Testament, on which Mr. E. B. Nicholson, the principal librarian of the London Institution, has been for many years engaged. One marked characteristic of it will be the abundance of "Jewish" illustrations from the Talmud and other sources. Another will be the entire absence of theological discussion, and of the implication of particular theological opinions. *Our new New Testament—an Explanation of the Need and a Criticism of the Fulfilment*, also by Mr. Nicholson, is about to be published by Messrs. Rivington.

MESSRS. BEMROSE AND SONS have in the press *The Chronicles of the Collegiate Church, or Free Chapel of All Saints, Derby*, by Mr. J. Charles Cox, author of *Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire*, and Mr. W. H. St. John Hope. The work is compiled chiefly from the churchwardens' accounts and books of orders, which are complete from 1465 to the present time, and contain copious inventories of service-books, jewels, and vestments. It will be illustrated by thirteen plates of monuments, bell-marks, stained glass, &c.; and the head and tail-pieces are copied mainly from the beaten iron-work in the church and the details of the noble tower. Full Indices are given of persons and subjects.

MESSRS. W. SWAN SONNENSCHN AND ALLEN'S announcements include a second edition of Prantl and Vine's *Elementary Text-book of Botany*; a *Student's Handbook of German Literature*, by E. Nicholson; an addition to their series of Linear Blackboard (Outline) Wall-maps, viz., the *Two Hemispheres*; and a *Comparison of Foreign Standards of Teaching*, with an Introduction, by Mr. A. Sonnenschein. This last volume will also contain the new Standards just proposed by the Code Conference Committee.

MR. BROWNING'S *Balaustion's Adventures* is now in its third edition.

THE English Spelling Reform Association have addressed through their president, Mr. A. H. Sayce, a memorial to the Educational Committee of the Privy Council, praying that

certain changes may be made in the present Code, and also offering to lay their views personally before the Committee by means of a deputation. The special complaint of the spelling reformers is that the present Code does not allow children, when examined in Standards I. and II., to offer any other system of spelling than that commonly in use. It is suggested that, as school-books have now been printed according to more than one of the improved systems, such new systems might now be permitted as alternatives by the school inspectors in both writing and dictation.

MRS. COWDEN CLARKE has nearly ready a new and revised edition of her *Concordance to Shakspeare*. We hope that it will include his poems; refer to lines as well as acts and scenes; separate words of different meaning spelt alike, as *tear* verb and *tear* (teer) noun; distinguish the senses of every word, as Schmidt's admirable Lexicon does; and give specimens, at least, of the chief uses of auxiliaries and particles, as Schmidt also does.

DR. EUG. OSWALD is engaged upon compiling a series of short articles on contemporary English authors for the *Biographisches Lexikon der zeitgenössischen Litteratur*, which the firm of J. Meyer will shortly publish at Leipzig, under the editorship of F. Bornmüller, as well as for a new edition of the well-known *Conversations Lexikon*, published by the same firm.

A NEW edition of Luther's complete works is now in course of publication at the instance of the German Lutheran Synod of St. Louis, Missouri. The text chosen is that of Dr. Walch, with a few slight alterations. Two volumes have already appeared, containing Luther's Commentary upon the Book of Genesis. The edition is a stereotyped one, and, though expensive, has already sold well in America.

THE Society of Friends of Archaeology in the Caucasus propose to hold a congress at Tiflis, beginning on September 20, under the honorary presidency of the Grand Duke Michael. The working presidents of the society are Count Uwaroff and Gen. A. Komaroff. The discussions will last for a fortnight, and will be subdivided among the following eight sections:—(1) Prehistoric antiquity, (2) classical antiquity, (3) Christian antiquity, (4) Muhammadan antiquity, (5) art, (6) epigraphy, (7) languages, (8) history and ethnology. The Government has granted a considerable sum of money towards the necessary expenses, and several archaeological excursions and excavations have already been planned.

THE Historische Verein of the Canton of Schwyz held its annual meeting on Ascension Day in Einsiedeln. Kanzlei-direktor Kälin read a paper on the relations between the great Benedictine Abbey and the Waldstatt Einsiedeln, dealing chiefly with the regulations which the civil authorities, the "Gnädigen Herren und Oberen" of Schwyz, enforced from time to time upon the pilgrims and the booth-keepers with whom they traded. It appears that it has always been difficult to prevent the dealers in pictures, crucifixes, beads, and pious books from adding "Schnaps" to their store, and inviting the pilgrims to drink. Landammann K. Styger read a monograph upon the Einsiedeln artist-family of the Kurigers, whose works in clay, marble, and wax were popular in Vienna and Paris at the beginning of our century. Two of the brothers, Xavier and Augustine, were murdered in Paris, according to the belief in Einsiedeln, by jealous rivals. A collection of works by the Kurigers was exhibited at the meeting. The committee of the society contemplate the publication of an annual as a *Neujahrsblatt*.

THE accomplished Zend scholar, M. James Darmesteter, has now produced his edition of

Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, which we announced last year that he was preparing. He has by it placed himself at one bound in the very front rank of Shakspeare critics. The third section of his Introduction especially, on "The Work of Shakspeare and the History of his Genius," may challenge comparison with the best of the best work that has preceded it in any language. So also may his remarks on how Shakspeare treated his *Macbeth* materials, and re-created them into his great tragedy. M. Darmesteter belongs to the new school of Shakspeare criticism—

"L'école critique ou historique, toute récente, est d'origine anglaise: elle est représentée par MM. Furnivall et Dowden, et par le groupe de la *New Shakspeare Society* fondée en 1874 par M. Furnivall;"

and of this school M. Darmesteter has proved himself the first and right able French apostle. We hope that his disciples will be worthy of him. His little book is one of the *Classiques anglais* of the Librairie Ch. Delagrave, Paris.

PROF. A. SMIRNOF, of the University of Kazan, has recently published, under the title of *Angliiskie Moralistui XVII V.*, or "English Moralists of the Seventeenth Century," what is intended to form the first volume of "A History of English Ethics." He is evidently well acquainted with the subject of his work, and he has turned to good account his remarkably wide and deep knowledge. It is much to be hoped that his projected work may arrive at completion.

A GERMAN translation, by E. Spleidt, of *John Ploughman's Pictures*, by Mr. Spurgeon, is about to appear at Norden.

AT the meeting of the Clifton Shakspeare Society held on May 28, reports in connexion with *Taming of the Shrew* were presented from the following departments:—Classical and Mythical Allusions, by Mr. C. A. Scott Watson; Dress and Social Customs, by Mrs. E. Thelwall; and Oaths and Exclamations, by Rev. H. P. Stokes, M.A. Communications on the authorship of the play were given by Rev. H. P. Stokes and Dr. J. E. Shaw. A paper on "Katharina," by Miss Constance O'Brien, was read; and Mr. C. P. Harris, B.A., read a note on "Petruchio." This meeting brought to an end the work of the society's sixth session. The society is now about to materially increase its library, so as to make it more helpful than it has hitherto been. The hon. secretary, Mr. L. M. Griffiths, 3 Hanover Place, Clifton, will be grateful for hints from Shakspeare students.

M. A. CAUVET has just published (Paris: Ollendorf) a book entitled *La Prononciation française et la Diction*, which is dedicated to M. Delaunay, the player. The author has followed the standard adopted by the Comédie française and by the Conservatoire, while he has not disdained to treat of the play of feature and the animated gesture which really form such an important element in speech, as they also do in the history of language.

THE letters upon Bimetallism recently contributed by M. Emile de Laveleye to the *Indépendance Belge* have just been published in a collective form by MM. Merzbach and Falk at Brussels. In a letter dated June 2, the eminent Belgian publicist ascribes the present crisis in English agriculture largely to our persistence in a gold standard.

MR. EDMUND MAURICE is at work on a history of 1848.

A "ROSSETTI SHAKSPEARE" is to be brought out by D. Lothrop and Co. in the United States.

A NEW and revised edition of Appleton's *American Cyclopaedia* is to appear shortly.

M. L. BEQ DE FOUQUIÈRES has published with Charavay Frères *Lettres critiques sur la Vie, les Œuvres, les Manuscrits d'André Chénier*,

THE *Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat* have reached an eighteenth edition in Paris.

THE Société des Amis des Livres has just issued its *Annuaire*, with contributions by M^{me}. Edmond Adam, M. Octave Uzanne, &c.

CANON CLAESSEN has just published at Louvain a History of the Archbishops of Malines.

DR. HERMANN ROLLET is about to publish (Vienna: Braumüller) an important work on *Portraits of Goethe*, illustrated with etchings by Unger, and many wood-cuts. Over a hundred original portraits of Goethe exist, and over three hundred different engravings or other reproductions of these.

WE learn from the *Revue Critique* that the eighth volume has just appeared of the edition of the works of Derjavin which is being published by the Academy of Science at St. Petersburg. This contains a biography extending over a thousand pages. A ninth volume will conclude the work, which was begun in 1864.

A CRITICAL edition of Klopstock's *Messiah* is being prepared by R. Hamel, of Rostock; and F. Muncker is engaged upon the publication of the correspondence of Klopstock with Hemmerde and Meier, which will also give details concerning the *Messiah* and its early editions.

AMONG the fresh Vice-Presidents of the New Shakspeare Society are the Marquis of Bath, the Earl of Bessborough, the Earl of Dartrey, Prof. March, of Lafayette College, U.S.A., Prof. Schipper, of Vienna, Prof. Wülcker, of Leipzig, and Prof. Zupitza, of Berlin.

AMONG forthcoming German books may be noticed: *Die Religionen der europäischen Kulturvölker in ihrem geschichtlichen Ursprung*, dealing especially with the origin of the religions of the Lithuanians, Slavs, Germans, Greeks, and Romans, by Julius Lippert (Berlin: Hofmann); *Ueber die quintilianischen Declamationen*, by Constantin Ritter (Freiburg: Mohr); the first part of a German translation of Hamilton's *Elements of Quaternions*, by Paul Glan (Leipzig: Barth); *Der Feldzug in Nord-Virginien im August 1862*, by F. Mangold (Hannover: Helwing); *Das Alphabet des Meisters E. S. 1466*, facsimile reproductions, by J. B. Obernetter (München: Kellner); &c.

A SOCIETY has been founded at Upsala, under the title of Svenska Literatursällskapet, with the double object of publishing old Swedish MSS. and of reprinting rare Swedish books. The president of the society is C. R. Nyblom. Professor of Literature in the University of Upsala. The first number of a periodical Review furthering and exemplifying the aims of the society has just appeared.

A MUSEUM of palaeography has been established at Venice, under the charge of Profs. Crechetti and Predrelli, in which will be collected inscriptions, MSS., charters, and all that bears upon the early history of writing.

A CORRESPONDENT asks:—

"Why do people find such fault with Carlyle's grumbles in his *Reminiscences*? They put up contentedly with his talk, his *Later-Day Pamphlets*, &c., in which he abused every living thing and every living body, and now that they find in his book abuse of only many bodies, with strong praise of a few others and idolatry of his supposed angel, they turn round and complain of him. It seems to me most unreasonable. They ought to give him credit for having at last proclaimed that he had really found about one living person in a million who wasn't a fool or a follower of the devil."

OBITUARY.

M. LITTRÉ.

IN M. Littré, France has, by common consent, lost her foremost scholar in the best and widest sense of the word. Maximilien-Paul-Emile Littré was born in Paris on February 1, 1801, and had, therefore, more than completed his eightieth year. He at first chose medicine as his profession, and, though he did not practise, much of his varied intellectual activity was directed to the scientific and historical side of the subject; indeed, his first work of great importance was his edition and translation of *Hippocrates*, the first volume of which appeared in 1839, while the last (more than twenty years after) came out on the eve of the appearance of the Dictionary. Medicine and philology were, however, only part of the studies which occupied M. Littré. I am not aware whether his affection for, and familiarity with, Old French was a mere outgrowth of his philological researches for the purposes of lexicography, or whether, on the other hand, it was a determining cause of those researches. He certainly has quite other than merely lexicographic claims on the respect of students of Old French. In 1844 he took Fauriel's place in the company charged by the Academy of Inscriptions (of which he had been elected a member immediately after the appearance of the first volume of his *Hippocrates*) with the continuation of the *Histoire littéraire*, in which he did much good work. He did not devote himself to the task of editing and exhuming texts, but rather to that of comment and criticism; and he had a most remarkable faculty of writing the older tongue, which he showed especially in two translations, one of Homer, the other of Dante, published at an interval of more than thirty years. A great part of his time and energy was also taken up by his connexion with Comte and Positivism. He himself was, by temperament, inclined not to polemics against religion, but to a kind of ignoring of it in favour of science; and he had translated Strauss' *Leben Jesu* within four years of its publication. He adopted Positivism, as it at first presented itself, with vigorous partisanship, and produced in 1845 an excellent analysis of the *Philosophie positive*. His subsequent refusal to follow Comte in his later excursions, and the acrimonious polemic which sprung up between the party of which he was the real chief and the thorough-going disciples of the *Politique* and the *Synthèse* and the *Catéchisme* and the rest, need only be mentioned here. Nor is it necessary to follow his connexion with politics, which was not small or unimportant, further than to say that he was an ardent Republican; that both in 1830 and 1848 he entertained hopes of the most sanguine kind; that he did considerable work as a journalist on the staff of the *National* and elsewhere; that in 1871 he was elected a Deputy and a Member of the Council-General of the Seine; and that in 1875 he was made a life Senator. His candidature at the Academy, and the obstinate, and for a long time successful, resistance with which it was met by Bishop Dupanloup, was one of the best-known things about him, though he was never understood to be very anxious for the honour. It is noteworthy, too, that he twice refused the Legion of Honour. In fact, there has, in all probability, never been a man of letters who was more unassuming, and more genuinely indifferent to anything save study for its own sake, keen as was the interest which he also felt in the practical things of life.

It is unnecessary, and would be almost impertinent, to attempt to pass sentence on the really great work of M. Littré's life in a few lines. All competent judges agree in placing the *Dictionnaire de la Langue française* among the combinations of knowledge, labour, craftsmanlike

skill, and successful accomplishment of which the examples in all literature may be counted on two hands. It is, and is likely long to continue, an indispensable assistance to all students of French literature.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

OXFORD LETTER.

Queen's College, Oxford: June 8, 1881.

The labours of the Commissioners are almost completed. The revised statutes of the colleges, as well as of the university, have been for the most part issued, and we can form some idea of the new constitution under which we are to live. Those who had hoped that some provision would be made for learning and research will be grievously disappointed. Nothing can be more unlike the expectations with which the Commission was heralded or the speech in which Lord Salisbury introduced the question of university reform than the spirit of the work actually accomplished. From first to last the Commissioners betray no consciousness of the claims of research upon the university; the ideal at which they have aimed throughout is a vast examining-machine, managed by persons whose incomes are nicely adjusted to the amount of cramming they have to perform, and propelled by prizes in the shape of idle fellowships. All the evils which first stirred up the agitation for reform have been simply intensified and made permanent. That peculiar state of things which has been the creation of the last half-century, which is the cause of all the restless discontent that distinguishes modern Oxford, and of which so many of us complain, has been assumed to be the normal, necessary, and perpetual constitution of the university. Henceforward, it will be more difficult than ever for anyone connected with university or college work to have either opportunity or inclination for disinterested and unremunerative study. For that we shall have to go, even more than before, to the happier universities of Germany. We asked for more freedom, more opportunity for real scientific work—above all, a career for the student—and we have been given instead an iron system, from which the student is carefully excluded. It is the old story of asking for bread and receiving a stone. In their terror lest they might endow research, the Commissioners seem to have forgotten that there is such a thing as research at all.

It is true that the colleges will be required hereafter to contribute to the needs of the university, though the building propensities of these venerable corporations and the fall of rents are likely to postpone the actual day of contribution until another Commission has come to sit on us. But what do the Commissioners consider these needs to be? Not learning, not scientific research, not the endowment of the Bodleian on an adequate scale, not the creation of archaeological and scientific museums, but the establishment of a certain number of men to supplement the already over-numerous staff of college tutors and lecturers in the work of preparing undergraduates for the schools. This, and this alone, seems the Commissioners' conception of the duties of a professoriate and of their nondescript coadjutors, the university readers.

The most obnoxious portions of the professorial statute, about which I wrote last year, have been toned down and made more agreeable to the susceptibilities of the existing professors. But the spirit of the statute remains unaltered. Certainly, the professor is no longer to be placed on a lower level than the college tutor, but he is not to occupy a higher one. The work of the university professor and the college lecturer is to be precisely the same,

and one can only wonder why any difference should be made between them. It will not be the fault of the Commissioners if the professor of the future ever gives a lecture above the heads of undergraduates preparing for an examination. His function will be that of the Camera at present—to assist unattached students who cannot afford private tuition to get through the schools. Of the possibility of any higher function, the Commissioners show no consciousness. The modes of election remain as unsatisfactory as ever; the duties of the professor are confined to residence during the academical year, and the delivery of a certain number of lectures in combination with the college teachers; and good care is taken that his official income shall not raise him above the rank of college tutors, or bring him near those exalted deities, the heads of colleges. The professor who teaches an unremunerative subject, like Keltic, is to have £400 a-year less than one who teaches a subject like Greek, in which he may expect to get both pupils and fees, the opinion of the Commissioners plainly being that a professor has no business with any subject which is not "recognised in the schools," and that anyone who comes dangerously near representing research must be starved out of the university as quickly as possible. Of course, no arrangements are made for the creation of life-professorships—that is, of professorships tenable for life by scholars of eminence—which, when vacated, would not be filled up unless scholars of equal eminence were forthcoming. Nor, among the new chairs that are to be constituted, is there any reference to Oriental subjects. While the interests of law and mathematics have been thoroughly looked after, the claims of our Eastern empire on our consideration are utterly ignored. The omission is rendered the more remarkable by the fact that the Commissioners have been specially memorialised on the subject, first by the recommendations of the Hebdomadal Council, then by the Royal Asiatic Society, and finally by a memorial forwarded to them last year, and signed by some of the most illustrious scholars in the country. But Oriental studies have not yet become subjects of examination here, and the professor of an Oriental language, whose pupils would be only graduates and scholars, is exactly the kind of man whom the Commissioners desire to drive out of our paradise.

Before I leave the professorial statute, in which the mind and aims of the Commission can be more clearly read than elsewhere, I would draw attention to two hardships from which the professor of the future will have to suffer. The first is the limitation of his official income, a limitation rendered the more invidious from its not being imposed on any other university or college official. At present, the Professor of Physiology receives £800 a-year as professor, and may receive an additional £300 as the fellow of a college; his successor will not be allowed to receive more than £900 a-year under any circumstances. The second is involved in the obligation imposed on a professor of giving up a fellowship he may hold for one in a college to which the professorship is attached. The result will be that he will be forced to resign a fellowship which he holds for life (upon the old foundation), and leave a college with which he has intimate relations, to receive instead a fellowship which he can retain only so long as he retains his professorship.

Those of us who were anxious for university reform may well feel disappointed at the result as it now lies before us. We urged the wants of the university, and pointed out how those wants could be supplied out of the revenues of the colleges; but the university which we had before our eyes was, like the universities of

Germany or the Oxford of a former age, a nursery of science, of learning, and of research, not the university of the Commissioners, which has been modelled after one of the chief cramming establishments of modern Oxford. What is called education here—that is to say, preparation for some examination—is already over-endowed, and needs no further encouragement and support. On the contrary, it is more than doubtful whether endowment of any sort has not done it more harm than good, causing the pupil to undervalue the teaching for which he pays but little, and limiting his choice of instructors to those who are paid to teach him. Certainly, the incomes of modern schoolmasters seem to show that free trade is as productive of wealth in education as it is said to be in the commercial world. What really need endowment are those higher studies which command no price in the market, and for which the piety of earlier times provided funds now diverted to the support of a Chinese education.

As long as there was any chance of these funds being restored to their legitimate purpose it was the duty of all those who had the interest of knowledge at heart to resist any scheme for scattering them through the country. But now that the Commission has by its action taken this chance away, there is no longer any reason why Oxford and Cambridge should be inordinately endowed for doing the work that is done quite as well, if not better, elsewhere. The centres of population are not now to be found in them; and the cause of education would be better served by subsidising it for the sake of the working classes, than for the sake of that richer middle-class which frequents our two older universities, where, too, vested interests and inconvenient traditions necessarily prevent us from getting the full value out of our revenues. It cannot be long before the system of prize-fellowships which the Commissioners have determined to establish meets with a general remonstrance from the country. If these valuable prizes are to be given away for proficiency in a single examination, there can be no reason for confining them to Oxford, or to those who have taken an Oxford degree. Why should not a member of the Victoria University, a graduate of London, or, in short, any clever and well-prepared young man have an equal chance of gaining them? The holders will have no connexion with Oxford beyond that of drawing their incomes from her. So far as the university is concerned, they will be more "idle" than even the holders of the "idle fellowships," whom the author of the Bill under which the Commissioners have acted would have abolished for the benefit of research. Much, indeed, might have been made out of these "idle" sinecures. They might have been bestowed on hard-working students, pioneers of knowledge and science, fellowship being added to fellowship as the holder proved himself better and better qualified to take rank among the intellectual leaders of mankind. But the chance of doing some good with them has been thrown away, and a lost chance seldom returns.

Fortunately, Oxford is not the whole world. The movement known as the "Endowment of Research," though pressed upon the universities before the country was prepared to give its principles a practical application, has been making steady way far beyond the most sanguine expectations of its first promoters. The work they have done will bear fruit hereafter, though it may be not among the parks of Oxford or the gardens of Cambridge. We may still take courage and believe that a time will come when the fever of the examination-mania will have passed away from the English nation, when the misapplied revenues of Oxford have been carried elsewhere, and when it will be recognised that one of the first duties of a great people is to enlarge the boundaries of know-

ledge, to explore the dark paths of nature, and to call from its grave the buried past.

I have little to record about the Bodleian Library beyond the fact that an attempt to give some relief to its small and hardly worked staff has, for the present at least, failed. The library has been enriched with Japanese translations of Buddhist Sanskrit texts, the originals of which have been lost, through the liberality of Prof. Max Müller, Dr. Wylie, and two young Buddhist priests from Japan who have been sent from home to learn from Prof. Max Müller the primitive doctrines of their own faith. They have been good enough to compile a catalogue of the Japanese works now in the Bodleian. The number of Chinese books possessed by the library has also largely increased; unfortunately, there is no room for them except the floor of a lower apartment. MSS. have been lent to Dr. Buber, of Lemberg, who is engaged upon Tanchuma, and a MS. of Ferazdak has been forwarded to Prof. Wright. Mr. Shapira, of Jerusalem, is expected to arrive in London with the Hebrew MSS. he collected in Yemen last winter. I can guarantee the great value of some of them from my own inspection of them; one, for instance, which is written according to a hitherto unknown system of punctuation, would be the earliest Hebrew text of the Old Testament in existence if any confidence can be placed in one of its colophons, and is in any case a well-preserved and beautiful specimen of Hebrew writing. It would be a pity if the collection were allowed to go to Berlin like its predecessor.

I must not omit to mention that Dr. Schliemann has presented a very interesting collection of Trojan, Mykenian, Ithacan, and Orkhomenian pottery and other antiquities to the university museum. A. H. SAYCE.

THE CALDERON CELEBRATION.

THE Spanish literary and scientific societies and journals of the last fortnight have been almost exclusively occupied with the second centenary of Calderon. The Ateneo devoted an evening to the celebration, in which Señors Moreno Nieto, Moret y Prendergast, and José Echegaray were the chief orators. Among the papers, *La Ilustración española y americana* has given a supplement in honour of Calderon. *El Imparcial* had the happy idea of extracting the "cuentos" from the dramas, thus showing how happily Calderon tells these stories, bringing out the point clearly and in the fewest possible words. *El Día* has an illustrated number, dated 25 de Mayo de 1641, in which incidents of the life and time of Calderon are narrated in articles signed by Cánovas del Castillo, Alarcon, Castelar, Cayetano Rosell, M. Cañete, Madrazo, Menéndez Pelayo, and others of the best pens of Spain. As an appreciation of Calderon and of the Spanish theatre, perhaps nothing better has been said than the conclusion of the lectures of the last-named.

"What our theatre gains in nationality it loses in universality. We cannot hope to be admired and worshipped by the whole world of culture, as are Sophocles and Shakspeare; we smack too much of the soil for that; we are too exclusively national to appear natural to, and to arouse the sympathies of, another people. By dint of hard study, by their aesthetic disinterestedness, and by their power of generalisation, the Germans have been able to identify themselves with its spirit; the English, never; they have remained content with Shakspeare, and the French with Molière. With the exception of Don Juan, it is difficult to make the heroes of our theatre really popular to other nations. This is an advantage and a demerit. Our drama is perhaps the second, or at least the third, in the world. It may be invoked as a war-flag in a time of romantic (literary) revolution; but it cannot be adopted as a type or model of

the beautiful, as is the case with the idealistic art of Sophocles, and with the realistic art of Shakspeare, the two equally admirable Poles of dramatic art."

THE "OEDIPUS TYRANNUS" AT HARVARD.

Boston, Mass.: May 24, 1881.

The *Oedipus Tyrannus* was performed four times last week in the Sanders Theatre of Harvard College, before large and interested audiences. With the exception of the *Oedipus*, which was taken by a recent graduate, now an instructor in the college, all the parts were played by students of the university, by far the greater number being undergraduates. The fact that the *Agamemnon* was played in Oxford last June has, I know, given this performance, especially in the minds of those who saw the *Agamemnon*, the air of being merely a base imitation—an aping of English manners. There have been, however, sufficiently important differences in the New England rendering to make it worthy of brief note, and this would be the case even if the Greek tragedies had been composed "exclusively for English audiences."

In the *Agamemnon*, the music was of the simplest kind. For the *Oedipus*, Mr. J. K. Pain, Professor of Music in the college, composed an overture, music for the choric passages, and a postlude, which may be compared—and, I think, favourably—with what Mendelssohn wrote for the *Antigone*. Of course, no one will believe this statement without hearing the music, but those who heard it are unanimous in their admiration of its beauty and dignity. Some regretted its introduction, in spite of its merit, because the Greeks were ignorant of modern music. To us, however, it gave a pleasure, which the Greeks probably would not have denied themselves if they had been offered the opportunity. The chorus of fifteen—the acting chorus—were grouped in the pit before the stage about the *thymele*; they sang the strophes, the antistrophes being sung by a supplementary chorus of about sixty, who sat in part of a semicircle running from one end of the pit to the other. The other half of this semicircle was occupied by the orchestra of thirty-five players—six first violins, four second violins, three violas, three violoncellos, three double basses, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two trumpets, two bassoons, three trombones, and a pair of kettledrums. A fine effect was produced by some interludes arranged for strings, horns, and wood-wind in part of the dialogue between *Oedipus* and *Creon*, and the choruses were simply magnificent.

The dresses of the actors, attendants, and chorus were designed with great care, and were very handsome. The groupings on the stage were most impressive.

The acting was fine. The part of *Oedipus* was one from which any actor living might well have shrunk; the long speeches, the variety of intense emotions, were, however, given with wonderful beauty, and with a happy combination of intensity and that repose which, possibly, we have learned to associate with our idea of the Greeks from seeing them always in the form of statues. Certainly, the awful effect of the play was thoroughly impressed upon the audience, and not by the *Oedipus* alone; the *Jocasta* was admirably given. T. S. PERRY.

SELECTED BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ARMSTRONG, W. Alfred Stevens, Sculptor. A Biographical Study. Remington. 10s. 6d.
BRIGHT, H. A. The English Flower-Garden. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
BYRON'S Poetry. Chosen and Arranged by Matthew Arnold. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.
DELAUNAY, E. M. Léonce. De la Condition du Prodiges dans le Droit romain, le Droit français et les Législations étrangères. Paris: Lemerre. 10 fr.
GRANT, A. C. Bush Life in Queensland. Blackwood. 21s.

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- NEUB, A. Die Leidensgeschichte unsers Herrn Jesu Christi nach den 4 Evangelien ausgelegt. 1. Bd. Wiesbaden: Niedner. 6 M.
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- HEIDENHEIMER, H. Petrus Martyr Analerius u. sein Opus epistolarum. Berlin: Bechagen. 4 M. 50 Pf.
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- CELAKOWSKY, L. Prodrum der Flora v. Böhmen. 4. Thl. Prag: Reiznatz. 4 M. 80 Pf.
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SCHWARZ, K. Ebbe u. Fluth, deren Ursache experimentell nachgewiesen. München: Kellner. 1 M. 80 Pf.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Edinburgh: June 7, 1881.

As there are several mis-readings in my article of last week on the Revised Version, I may perhaps be permitted to explain that it was printed from the proof, my revision having arrived too late, apparently, to be made use of. It is probably not worth while to correct these errors now, as they did not materially alter the meaning; but I should like to say that some of my criticisms were intended to be qualified in a sense favourable to the Revised Version. I suppose I must have written "incorruptibility" at p. 406, col. 3, l. 24; but the word should be "incorruption." R. B. DRUMMOND.

EDITIONS OF POLYCARP AND BARNABAS.

Laverton Rectory, Bath: June 1, 1881.

You lately inserted a letter of mine on some curious blunders in several editions of Polycarp. I now send you an account of two other curious blunders, one in several editions of Polycarp, the other in almost all editions of Barnabas except those of quite recent date. They will show in a remarkable manner the carelessness of many editors in printing their texts, and the tenacity with which an error, when once admitted, is apt to maintain its ground,

I. Near the beginning of chap. vii. of Polycarp's Epistle, ἐληλυθῆναι (for ἐληλυθέναι) occurs in the following editions:—Ussher's (1644), Le Moynes's (1685), Ittig's (1699), Aldrich's (1708), Smith's (1709), Russel's (1746), and probably in others to which I have no means of referring. The correct form appears in the *editio princeps* of Halloix (1633), from which Ussher took his text. The mistake in which must therefore have been due to an error of the transcriber, or printer. It is singular that it is not corrected either in Ussher's own printed copy or in the long list of *emendanda* at the end of his edition. The correct form is given, however, in Cotelier's edition (1672), and in Le Clerc's two reprints (1698 and 1724), though the contrary is implied by Routh with respect to all three editions, and by Jacobson with respect to that of Cotelier.

II. In chap. vi. of the Epistle of Barnabas, ἐν ἰσχύι (for ἐν ἰσχύϊ) appears in the following editions:—Menard's (1645), Voss's (1646 and 1680), Cotelier's (1672), and Le Clerc's two reprints (1698 and 1724), Le Moynes's (1685), Fell's (1685), Russel's (1746), Reithmayr's (1844), and (which is most surprising of all, though the mistake is corrected in the *emendanda*) Dressel's (1857).

No doubt the error was originally due to a mere misprint in Menard's edition, which is one of the most incorrectly printed books in existence. Unfortunately, both in this and in numerous other instances, subsequent editors have been misled by the errors (many of them mere misprints) in Menard's text. In the notes also several curious mistakes occur, which are for the most part reproduced in Le Clerc's two editions, though some of the notes are, as they stand, perfectly unintelligible. As far as I know, this incorrectness in the printing of Menard's edition has never hitherto been pointed out.

There is, however, one old text of Barnabas's Epistle—in fact, the earliest printed of all—in which ἰσχύϊ is given. This is that of Ussher, printed at Oxford in 1642, and hitherto supposed to have been irrecoverably destroyed in the fire of October 6, 1644. Of a considerable portion, however, of Ussher's text, and of the whole of his Preface, I have been fortunate enough to discover a copy in the Bodleian, and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press propose to reprint this in *facsimile* size, page for page, with an Introduction of mine on the literary history of Ussher's entire edition of Polycarp, Ignatius, and Barnabas. I have for some time past been engaged in preparing this Introduction, but there are several most interesting points connected with the subject respecting which I am anxious to obtain further information. Some of these I propose to state in a future letter to the ACADEMY, and I shall be very grateful to any of your readers who can render me any assistance in the matter, either by writing to me at the above address or through the medium of your columns. I have already received most valuable assistance from several quarters, and especially from Dr. Ingram, the Librarian of Trinity College, Dublin, who most kindly examines for me, and sends me extracts from, any books which I have not myself the means of consulting.

I may add that a transcript of this unique Bodleian copy is now in my possession, having been most beautifully and accurately executed by Mr. Madan, who from the first has taken the greatest possible interest in the discovery.

I am now engaged in making a minute collation of Ussher's text (so far as it is preserved in this copy) with that of other editions. Two discoveries have resulted from this collation:—

I. Ussher repeatedly gave the correct readings of the old Latin version where they were given incorrectly by Menard, and from him by all other editors, till the correct readings were

recently restored from the famous Corbey MS. (now at St. Petersburg) by Hilgenfeld and Gebhardt. In numerous instances where Hilgenfeld pronounces all previous editions to be wrong, Ussher's was right.

II. The few notices of Ussher's readings given by Fell (hitherto our only authority upon the point) are in some cases positively incorrect, and in very many others most defective.

Fell's account, also, of the printing and destruction of Ussher's edition is seriously erroneous, and has misled almost all subsequent writers upon the subject.

J. H. BACKHOUSE.

PS.—(1) With respect to Menard's edition, it is only due to him and to the printers to state that the work was a posthumous one, and that the mistakes are probably in a great measure due to the state in which Menard's MS. was left. Apparently, the fault chiefly rests with Luke d'Achery, who took charge of the publication, and who ought to have revised his friend's MS. more carefully. Moreover, it appears from two notices near the beginning and at the end of the book that the printing was executed very rapidly—between November 10 and 30, 1644. (2) I stated in my last letter that in the fourth chapter of Polycarp's Epistle no editor has adopted Young's proposed correction of *ἡμῶν* into *ἡμῶν*. I have since, however, found that, in two editions (1833 and 1840) of Archbishop Wake's translation "our" is given, though the first and second editions (1693 and 1710) have "your." It would be interesting to ascertain when and by whom the alteration was first made, and whether it was due to Wake himself. I am inclined to believe that it was a mere printer's or editor's would-be correction, made to suit the supposed requirements of the context.

ON THE USE OF TROCHAIC PENTAMETER BY SHAKSPEARE AND OTHERS.

Hampstead, N.W.: June 7, 1881.

In his *Elements of English Prosody*, Mr. Ruskin says (p. 55):—

"Upon adding the fifth foot to our gradually lengthening line, we find ourselves fallen suddenly under hitherto unfelt limitation. The verses we have hitherto examined may be constructed at pleasure of any kind of metre—dactyl, trochee, iamb, or anapaest. But, all at once, we now find this liberty of choice refused. We may write a pentameter verse in iambs only . . . the historical fact being quite indubitable and unalterable that no poet has ever attempted to write pentameter in any foot but the iamb, and that the addition of another chorus to a choreic tetrameter, or of another dactyl to a dactylic one, will instantly make them helplessly prosaic and unreadable."

I cannot but feel that, in making this statement, Mr. Ruskin has left out of consideration certain musical effects to be found in Shakspeare and Keats (and probably in other poets), as well as, in a more developed form, in Browning.

Two instances occur to me of Shakspeare's use of an occasional trochaic pentameter. One of these is in *Coriolanus*, I. ix. 65.

"*Caius*, | *Marcus*, | *Corio* | *lanus*, | *Bear* |
The addition," &c.

Even if *Corio* be scanned as a dactyl, it must be granted that the whole line is trochaic. It seems to me that in passing from the iambic

"call him,

With all the applause and clamour of the host," to the trochaic line I have quoted, we are conscious of a certain stately movement, peculiarly suitable to the occasion of the bestowal of the surname of honour on the victor. Is not the beautiful effect also as of the shaping of the line without the shaper's conscious touch?

The other instance is in *Lear*, V. iii. 258, where the iambic melody of "Thou'lt come no more" passes into the trochaic of the line following. It seems to me that we have here one of the finest verse-effects in Shakspeare. The terrible despair-cry,

"How! how! how! how! O, you are men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault shall crack,"

has died down;

"Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no life at all?"

says the old majesty, whom these same crosses have spoiled. It is not the wild, eager questioning of one seeking to find the solution of the problems that have sorely puzzled him, but the half-sorrowful, half-vague wonder of one whose sap of life is spent, and who cannot feel torture any more. Then slowly fall those trochees that are almost his last utterance ere death mercifully lays his hand on the vexed and foreworn heart:—

"Never, | never, | never, | never, | never. |"

In Keats's *Hyperion*, i., we have again this change of music—

"there shall be
Beautiful things made new for the surprise
Of the sky-children; I will give command:
Thea! | *Thea!* | *Thea!* | where is | *Saturn?* |"

If it be said that the instances I have quoted are only of isolated lines used for a special reason, I would refer to a poem of some two hundred lines written in trochaic pentameter—Browning's perfect love-poem *One Word More*. "Lines I write the first time and the last time," says our greatest living poet. Is this poem "hopelessly prosaic and unreadable"? or has Browning therein found

"his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient"?

Is an answer needed?

E. H. HICKEY.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 13, 7.30 p.m. Aristotelian Society: "Ferrier," by Dr. T. Burns Gibson.

8.30 p.m. Geographical Society: "A Journey of Exploration in Western Szechuen," by Mr. W. E. Coburn Baber.

TUESDAY, June 14, 8 p.m. Anthropological Society: "Exhibition of Danish and French Photographs," by Mr. J. Park Harrison; "The Discovery of Flint Implements in the Gravel of the Nile Valley," by Major-Gen. A. Pitt-Rivers, F.R.S., President; "The Humau Fossil at Nice," by Mr. Alfred Tylor; "Sepulchral Remains at Rathdown, Co. Wicklow," by Mr. Gerrard A. Kinahan; "Notes on Some Excavations made in Tumuli near Opiap, Chili, in June 1880," by Mr. J. H. Madge; "Some Stone Implements from British Guiana," by Mr. F. E. im Thurn; "The Origin of the Semites," by Mr. G. Bertin.

THURSDAY, June 16, 4.30 p.m. Royal.
8 p.m. Linnean: "Flora of the Kuram Valley," by Surgeon-Major Aitchison; "The Neuroptera of Madeira and the Azores," by Mr. E. MacLachlan; "Central African Plants collected by Major Serpa Pinto," by Count Ficalho and Mr. W. F. Hiern.

8 p.m. Chemical: "The Isomeric Acids obtained from the Ethers of Salicylic Aldehyde and from Comarin," by Mr. W. H. Parkin; "Notes on Nephthaline Derivatives," by Mr. H. E. Armstrong; "The Synthetical Production of Ammonia," by Mr. G. S. Johnson; "The Sulphates of Aluminium," by Mr. S. Pickering.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, June 17, 8 p.m. Philological: "The Psychological Method in its Application to Language," by Mr. H. Baynes; "Scottish Place-names," by Mr. W. R. Browne.

SCIENCE.

The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle.
Translated by F. H. Peters, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

THIS new translation of the *Ethics* will probably be received with general favour, and not undeservedly. It is a very honest and scholarly endeavour to put the book before us in a faithful English form, not

trimmed into elegance nor metamorphosed into modern philosophy, but with Aristotle's own thoughts and ways of thinking presented as far as possible in Aristotle's own words. Mr. Peters has been content to give us a close reproduction of the original, and this is, after all, no easy matter. To emulate the masterly brevity with which Aristotle packs much meaning into few words is indeed a task that would strain the powers of any living writer, and no ordinary translator can hope to discharge it adequately. But there are degrees of success or failure, and Mr. Peters' translation will find a place among the more successful.

It owes this success to its fidelity. The translator has achieved more than some others because he has attempted less. He seems to have proceeded to some extent on the very just principle that it is not a translator's business to re-write his author. What he has to do is to say in English just what the author said in Greek, the same things in the same form, matter and manner both in *fac-simile*. If the author is obscure, the translator should be obscure. If the original admits of two meanings, and there is a reasonable doubt which was intended, the translation should have two meanings too. It is sometimes a duty to be resolutely difficult and deliberately ambiguous. Irregularities and incorrectnesses of expression are not to be patched up and put right. We want authors as they wrote, not as we think they should have written. Still less, in dealing with ancient authors, are we at liberty to put our own modern meaning on their less advanced language. We have no business to substitute a special term for a general one, so long as we have a general one that will answer the purpose. The special term has a precision that the writer's thoughts had not. Nor have we any business, if we can avoid it, to put one of our modern general terms for an old one that was more specific. We are placing the writer at a point of view which he never reached; least of all should we force upon him some theorising term of modern origin, and commit him to a principle that half the critics deny him to have held. We should rather use some vaguer expression which is consistent with our explanation and not inconsistent with theirs.

Mr. Peters has not carried out these principles to their full extent; indeed few translators would have the courage and the self-control to do so. The fidelity of the translation would probably be imputed as a fault to the translator, and he would be blamed for the way in which the original was written. But the book before us is distinctly of the right kind. If we have not the actual and very Aristotle, we have at least something more like him than what some translators have given us. When the Greek is abrupt and awkward, the English is often abrupt and awkward too—as it should be. The extreme brevity of the Greek is not, as a rule, expanded. Usually, too, Mr. Peters has been conscientious with his philosophical terms, and has not put into Aristotle's mouth any that can be thought unfit for him. But he does not act on this golden rule when he translates *ποῖς* in the sixth book by "intuitive reason." Whether Aristotle would or would

not have used such an expression if he had been writing in a later age, it is a great deal more definite than the word *vois*, and Mr. Peters is well aware that many people think it is not at all what Aristotle meant.

In a book with so many difficulties as the *Ethics*, no translator can expect that his renderings of this or that passage will satisfy everyone, or that any critic whatever can be satisfied throughout. No reasonable critic, on the other hand, though he may differ in opinion from Mr. Peters here and there, will presume often to say dogmatically that so scholarly and able a translator is wrong. There are, however, some few passages where it is difficult to think him right. In ix. 4, 4, the well-known passage *γενόμενος δ' ἄλλος οὐδεὶς αἰρεῖται πάντ' ἔχειν ἐκείνο τὸ γενόμενον· ἔχει γὰρ καὶ νῦν ὁ θεὸς τάχαθόν, ἀλλ' ὡς ὅτι ποτ' ἐστίν* is translated, "but no man desires that as he becomes another man [*i.e.*, as he grows older] that other self should be, in all respects, the same as the present self. (With God, indeed, this may be, for God already is in complete possession of the good; but that is only as being what he is [not man but God].)" This unusually diffuse rendering is surely unsatisfactory. Apart from the strange meaning put upon *γενόμενος δ' ἄλλος* and the unauthorised change of *πάντα* into *ταῦτά*, it involves an awkward insertion, and the questionable assumption that, in Aristotle's opinion, God *γίγνεται ἄλλος*. viii. 9, 6, supports a much easier explanation. In ix. 7, 4, it seems plain, both from the context and from other considerations, that *ἐνεργεία δὲ ὁ ποιήσας τὸ ἔργον ἐστὶ πως* and not *ἐστὶ* is the right reading. The unmeaning proposition that the maker is in a sense what he makes is in no way wanted; whereas the statement that by making he asserts his actual or active existence is not only intelligible and true, but also in strict logical connexion with what precedes and follows. If Mr. Peters were right, the words that follow, *στέργει δὲ τὸ ἔργον διότι καὶ τὸ εἶναι, οὐχὶ τὸ εἶναι, οὐχὶ τὸ εἶναι*. When, again, in v. 5, 17, we find *ἡ δὲ δικαιοσύνη μεσότης τις ἐστίν, οὐ τὸν αὐτὸν δὲ τρόπον ταῖς ἄλλαις ἀρεταῖς, ἀλλ' ὅτι μέσον ἐστίν· ἡ δ' ἀδίκια τῶν ἀκρων*, translated "it does indeed observe a mean, but both the extremes fall under the single vice 'injustice,' we feel that Mr. Peters is putting off on Aristotle some very bad logic, and that in defiance of the Greek. He is making him confuse the proposition that justice is not an ordinary mean with the proposition that injustice is not an ordinary extreme. Mr. Peters' way of taking the phrase *βίος τέλειος* in i. 7, 16, and elsewhere is a common way, but almost demonstrably unsound. In every place the context not only admits, but requires, the limitation of its meaning to duration of time. We distort the plain meaning of words if we make it include any notion of external prosperity; and such an addition is not really wanted, because prosperity is presupposed in good *ἐνεργείαι*, which are impossible without it. There can be no doubt that the author of the *Magna Moralia* understood it to refer only to time.

But in spite of these and other passages about which opinions differ, it should be repeated that the translation seems to be a work of essentially sound scholarship. The notes

which Mr. Peters has added are less thoroughly satisfactory. Most readers will certainly agree with his own remark upon them, that they are too many to accompany a translation, and, of course, far too few to constitute a commentary. It is sometimes not very plain why one place has a note and another not. They seem to stand in no determinate relation to the difficulties, but to be sprinkled about the ten books a little capriciously. They will also probably be found not quite equal in their kind to the translation. A word in conclusion as to the singular way in which the book is broken up in the printing into very short paragraphs, amounting constantly to five or six in a small page, and often consisting of only one or two lines. There seems to be no advantage in throwing it into this form. No one will understand it any the better, and it looks like a child's reading-book.

HERBERT RICHARDS.

A Memoir on the Echinodermata of the Arctic Sea to the West of Greenland. By P. Martin Duncan, F.R.S., and W. Percy Sladen, F.G.S. (Van Voorst.)

THIS memoir, which is illustrated by six plates, gives an account of the Echinodermata collected during the voyage of her Majesty's ships *Alert* and *Discovery*, under Sir G. S. Nares, in the Polar Sea, by the naturalists of the expedition, Major H. W. Fielden and Mr. Hart. The greater number were obtained between the very high latitudes 79° 20' N. and 82° 27' N.—that is, from Franklin-Pierce Bay to Floeberg Beach. Together with these are also described the specimens which Dr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys dredged during the *Valorous* expedition. The latter collection has already been noticed in the "Report on the *Valorous* Expedition" by Dr. Gwyn Jeffreys and Dr. Carpenter in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society for 1876, in which the Echinodermata were described by the Rev. A. M. Norman. The present authors also published a brief account of the principal collection in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for 1877.

Thirty species in all are described, nearly all of them being from the north of the Arctic Circle. The Holothuroidea, as a group, do not seem in this region to extend very far north of the Circle, although they do so elsewhere. A *Myriotrochus* is an exception, being found as far north as 81° 41' N. Among the Holothuroidea described, occur none of the important new forms which were obtained by Prof. Nordenskjöld to the north of Siberia and by the *Challenger* expedition in deep water, and which were described by Dr. Hjalmar Theel. The Echinoidea are represented by a single species only in the Smith Sound area, while of Asteroidea ten species were obtained from the same region, and seven of Ophiuroidea. These latter are very numerous in individuals, though comparatively so few in species. The finest species among them, the large *Astrophyton Agassizii*, extends up to lat. 78° 19' N. The present authors appear to have overlooked Mr. Norman's reference to a second species of *Astrophyton* (*A. euenemis*) which was among the *Valorous* collection, having been dredged at the entrance of Baffin's Bay in 175 fathoms. They mention

the one species only. The species of *Comatulae* found north of the Circle were three. They extend up to lat. 81° 41' N.

No new species are described by the authors from among the collection. Many of the species, however, exhibit curious and interesting variations, and throw much light on systematic questions. The whole of the species in the collection appear to have a wide range in longitude as well as latitude. For example, the only Echinoid *Strongylocentrotus dröbachiensis* has a vast distribution as far north as Discovery Bay and south to Florida, from Iceland to Spitzbergen, and Novaya Zemlya to the British Isles. It has been found in Behring's Straits, Kamtschatka, and on the American coast to Vancouver. "It is essentially a Polar species, migrating now and then to the South, and it forms part of a true Polar fauna."

The conclusion of the authors with regard to distribution is that the Arctic Echinoderm fauna, "as a whole, is not an extension northwards of species from more temperate climates, but is essentially circumpolar." The Arctic marine fauna has, however, as yet been so little investigated that possibly this position may not be maintained altogether in the future. Dr. Gwyn Jeffreys' conclusion, formed after the *Valorous* expedition, with regard to the Mollusca of Greenland, is that these are decidedly more European than American, a westerly course of migration, and not an easterly, having occurred, so that the Mollusca are not circumpolar. The authors are to be congratulated on the completion of this handsome monograph.

H. N. MOSELEY.

SOME TRAVEL BOOKS.

General Index to the Fourth Ten Volumes of the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society. Compiled by Order of the Council. (John Murray.) This work, which will be of very great use to students and others desirous of consulting the mass of valuable matter contained in the society's *Journal*, has been compiled on the plan adopted by Col. Yule with the previous ten volumes. It consists of three distinct parts, the first of which comprises indices to the papers and to the illustrations, classified alphabetically under the headings of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, Oceania, Arctic, and Miscellaneous. The second part contains abstracts of the ten presidential addresses, and thus furnishes in a handy form a very fair history of geographical work during the period. The third part of the work is the index proper, in which are also given brief analyses of the more important papers; and this part is in some sense a gazetteer, as the name of the country is almost invariably given after those of towns, provinces, tribes, mountains, rivers, &c.

THE recent publication of M. J. L. Dutreuil de Rhins' *Carte de l'Indo-Chine orientale* (Paris: Dépôt des Cartes de la Marine) reminds us of the fact that the French have secured a footing in Eastern Asia which will enable them to build up a great colonial empire, extending over thousands of square miles, peopled by millions of industrious inhabitants, and traversed by rivers affording access to the very heart of China. As compared with British India, this "Further" India is more thoroughly Oriental in its geographical position; for, while the former turns its face towards Europe, the latter looks to the East, and forms part of the constellation in which China and Japan are the

most brilliant lights. But to return to the map under notice. It is published in four sheets, on a scale of 1 : 950,000; in addition to which there is what may be called a popular edition on half that scale. The author has spent five years in the compilation of the map, and the results of all explorations, whether French or otherwise, have been embodied in it. In an accompanying pamphlet the difficulties which had to be overcome in spelling the native names are duly set forth, and persons who have been engaged in similar work will be able to sympathise with the author and his learned coadjutor, M. Lesserteur, of the Seminary of Foreign Missions. The old spelling of the missionaries, with its many diacritical signs and arbitrary employment of letters, has been rejected, and a phonetic system, based upon the value ordinarily given to letters in French, has been substituted. As a consequence, we get rid of the puzzling X so frequent on maps of Further India, which represents the sound of our S. We wish M. Dutreuil had gone one step farther and adopted an alphabet as intelligible to English as it is to French readers. It seems a pity that all efforts for introducing an international system of spelling geographical names should have failed hitherto, although it might easily be brought about by a few mutual concessions. England has already set a good example by adopting the Italian and German sounds of the vowels, and might possibly be induced to make still further concessions if greater uniformity in the spelling of geographical names would result therefrom.

LIEUT. G. KREITNER, who accompanied Count Bela Szechenyi in his travels through India, Japan, China, Thibet, and Burmah, has begun the publication (Vienna: A. Holder) of a description of their journey, under the title of *Im fernen Osten*. The work is to appear in thirty parts, and will contain upwards of two hundred original wood-cuts and several maps. From the geographer's point of view, it ought to prove of exceptional interest, as it gives an account of certain places, such as Lan-choo-foo, Soo-choo, and Sha-chow-wi, which we believe have never before been described.

THE June number of the *Monthly Record of Geography* contains the text of the lecture recently delivered by Sir R. Temple on Sikkim and the lake region on its eastern frontier. Some unusually good illustrations are given with the article, as well as a useful map of the whole of Sikkim and of part of the adjoining region. Mr. E. Delmar Morgan's account of Begel's expedition from Kulja to Turfan is carefully written and annotated; but the most useful contribution to geography in the number is, without doubt, Mr. Selous' brief account of his explorations in Mashona-land. On the little map which Mr. Ravenstein has drawn to illustrate it Mr. Selous' routes are shown, as well as his rectification of the courses hitherto assigned to the rivers. In this respect Mr. Selous' chief discovery was that the Umfuli does not flow directly into the Zambesi, as was supposed, but into its tributary, the Umnyati. The Geographical Notes furnish recent intelligence respecting the progress of expeditions in Western Equatorial Africa, and particularly in regard to the proceedings of the Livingstone (Congo) Inland Mission party under Mr. McCall. There is also a note on the climate of French Cochinchina, and a letter from Mr. James Stevenson which refers to recent discussions about the long-vexed question of the longitude of Lake Nyassa.

Istruzioni scientifiche pei Viaggiatori raccolte da Arturo Issel (Rome: E. Botta) is a manual of scientific enquiry for the use of travellers, admittedly based upon similar works previously published in English, French, and German, but possessing features of its own which entitle it

to consideration. Prof. A. Issel and his collaborators, among whom are included some of the most eminent scientific men of Italy, have done their work conscientiously. They have more especially aimed at rendering their instructions of practical service. Still, we cannot help thinking that they have allotted a disproportionate space to theoretical considerations. Theories should be acquired at home; a traveller in the field requires, above all, practical instructions. Tell him what to observe, and how, but do not trouble him with the why. A really practical explorers' guide and remembrancer has still to be written. The *Hints to Travellers* published by the Council of the Royal Geographical Society are handy, no doubt, but they, too, contain much that may be dispensed with in the field, while omitting several things which would prove of real service.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE London Missionary Society have recently received a munificent offer from Mr. James Stevenson, who has probably done more than any other individual towards promoting the exploration of the Nyassa region. Desiring to see the line of communication with the interior of East Africa by way of the Rivers Zambesi and Shiré and Lake Nyassa extended as rapidly as possible, Mr. Stevenson has offered to this society, conjointly with the Livingstonia Mission and the Central African Trading Company, to spend £3,000 on the construction of a road between the north end of Lake Nyassa and the south end of Tanganyika, and further to invest £1,000 in the company, on condition that each society should undertake a certain responsibility in connexion with the road. On their part the London Missionary Society have agreed to place a steamer on Lake Tanganyika, to found a station near its southern end, and to send out all the supplies for their expeditions at Ujiji, Mtowa, &c., by this route.

ACCORDING to letters from the Congo, Mr. H. M. Stanley contemplates departing, at least temporarily, from his original plan of making a road continuously along the north bank of the river. His farthest station is now at Isangila; and for some distance beyond this point the country is inhabited by the Basundi, a very troublesome tribe, whom, on his famous journey down the Congo, Mr. Stanley found to be suspicious, quarrelsome, and easily affronted. Quite lately they refused to let Mr. McCall pass through their country to Manyanga, and he had to take to canoes. Mr. Stanley also has determined to do this reach by water, for which course he is well prepared, as he has a steam launch and two steel whale-boats above the falls.

At the end of last November the Algerian missionaries in Urundi, near the northern end of Lake Tanganyika, despatched a party to found their first station on the west coast of the lake. The place chosen was Mulonewa, in the Masansi country, on the shores of the large gulf which Mr. Stanley named after Capt. Burton. Behind the village is a range of hills separating it from the country of the Wabembe, who are said to be cannibals, and frequently engaged in making fierce raids on their neighbours. The country round is covered with fine trees, the thick foliage of which affords ample protection against the tropical sun.

WE hear that the Swedish Missionary Society are about to send an expedition to the Congo, which will co-operate with that of the Livingstone (Congo) Inland Mission. It is expected that the party will start next month.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK, of Paternoster Row, has published an etching, by M. Léon Richeton, of Dr. Moffat, the well-known African missionary and traveller.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A Mid-Silurian Flora in North Wales.—Dr. Hicks has lately discovered some extremely interesting plant-remains in Pen-y-glog quarry, near Corwen, in Denbighshire—a locality which furnished him, several years ago, with obscure traces of similar fossils. The beds in which they occur may be placed at about the horizon of the Upper Llandovery rocks. The fossils include carbonaceous fragments, having the characteristic structure of the plant, which Mr. Carruthers has named *Nematophyculus*, and which he regards as an anomalous form of alga. It is the same plant which Dr. Dawson had previously described as *Prototaxites*. Associated with these marine plants are numerous spherical bodies agreeing with Sir Joseph Hooker's *Pachytheca* from the Ludlow bone-bed. These are probably the spore-cases of lycopodiaceous plants. Taken in conjunction with the evidence of other less definite fossils, their presence seems to indicate an extensive land-flora, which was probably supported on land to the south and west, chiefly islands, surrounded by a moderately deep sea in which graptolites abounded and in which the algae flourished. M. de Saporta's description of a fossil fern from the Mid-Silurian rocks of Angers, in France—and therefore of about the same geological age—was noticed in the ACADEMY for November 3, 1877.

THE annual meeting which the geologists of the Upper Rhine district have held for the last ten years has just taken place at Gebweiler. All the great towns from Basel to Mainz were represented. The chief subjects of discussion were the earthquake and meteorite questions. A visit was paid to inspect the famous "Meteoro-stein" which fell in the neighbourhood of Ensisheim, on November 7, 1492, the oldest-known, which is preserved in the Ensisheimer Rathaus. The document recording its discovery is in Old-German verse—

"Als man zahlt vierzehnhundert Jar,
Uff Sant Florentzen-tag das ist war,
Nüntzig und zwei um mittentag,
Gescha ein grusam Donnerschlag.
Drei zentner schwer fil diser Stein,
Hie in dem Feld von Ensisheim,
Drij Eck hat er verschwerzet gar,
Wie Erz gestalt und Erd es war.
Tänov, Nekar, Arch, Ill, und Rin,
Switz, Uri, hört den Klapp der In,
Auch doent er den Burgundern vor,
In forchten die Franzosen ser."

Of the three "Zentners" of which the rhyme speaks, only seventy-five kilogrammes are now left. The other half has disappeared by the chipping of the stone from time to time to give portions to German Emperors and other favoured collectors.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Thursday, June 2.)
THE LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE, President, in the Chair.—The Rev. W. J. Loftie read some notes on "Recent Discoveries among the Egyptian Pyramids." One sentence of the paper in question deserves notice: "There are no universities in Europe of any importance without Egyptian teachers except those of England."—Mr. J. Park Harrison read a paper on "Incised Figures upon Slate, and Other Remains, from Towyn, Merionethshire." The incised slate was sent to the author, for examination and exhibition, by Mr. Richard Williams, of Clynog, Newtown, Mont., who obtained possession of it in the autumn of last year. The figures upon it were conclusively shown to be engraved and not to be mere surface-markings, and it was evident to the meeting that they had a meaning and were of great interest. Mr. Harrison believed that the work was Irish, and showed from the writings of Sir W. Wilde and Sullivan, who minutely describe the dress and arms of the ancient Irish, that the figures on the slate were very

similar in form, the resemblance of some of the outlines to Irish axes being very marked.—Capt. E. Hoare read a paper on some early tiles from Stanhoe and the ruined church of Barwick-in-the Brakes, Norfolk.—Mr. W. Thompson Watkin sent a paper on "Roman Inscriptions discovered in Britain in 1880." This is Mr. Watkin's eighth supplement to Dr. Hübnér's volume of Britanno-Roman inscriptions, and his fifth annual list.—Mr. J. H. Parker called attention to some photographs of a remarkable series of wood-carvings in the church of Trull, near Taunton, dated 1560, which represent ecclesiastical dignitaries and officials in "unreformed" vestments.—Mr. W. Gain exhibited a plan and contributed notes on earth-works at Laxton and Egmont, Notts.—Mr. Loftie exhibited a very fine series, perhaps the finest in Europe, of scarabs bearing kings' names.—Mr. Harrison sent a collection of antiquities, some as late as the seventeenth century, from Towyn.—Mr. Watkin exhibited a photograph of the great statue found last year at York, and gave reasons in his paper for suggesting that Britannia may be here represented.—Mr. G. Joslin laid before the meeting a rubbing from the inscribed Roman altar lately found at Colchester.—The Rev. A. Porter produced a fine Roman cameo, an Indian sardonyx, found in the late Mr. Davis's garden at York, and representing a youthful fawn.—Mr. O. Morgan exhibited a drawing of a beautiful Roman tessellated pavement lately uncovered at Caerwent, and drew attention to its remarkable characteristics of the various fish of the district being represented upon it, the salmon and the eel being very apparent. Mr. Morgan also exhibited a *couteau de chasse* of the unusual length of nineteen inches, apparently of the sixteenth century.—Mr. F. Rudler sent a human vertebra with a flint arrow-head embedded in it. This highly interesting relic was found by Mr. Madge in a burial-mound near Copiapo, Chili.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, June 3.)

A. J. ELLIS, Esq., President, in the Chair.—The paper read was "History of English Sounds, Part III., with Some Etymologies," by Mr. H. Sweet. The etymologies were:—(1) *Chicken* (Old-English *ciccen*), not formed from *cock*, but by direct imitation. (2) *Lo*, rhyming on *do* in the *Cursor Mundi*, cannot be the Old-English *lā*; the form *low* points probably to *lōg*, which may possibly be the Old-English *lōca*. (3) *Swoon*, from the participle *geswōgen*. (4) *Loathsome*, from *wlatsum* by substitution of the more familiar *lāð*. (5) *Chill*, not from *cēle*, which does not exist, but from *cēle* = original **kāl*. The subject of the rest of the paper was Old-English quantity as shown by the accents of the MSS., whose general accuracy was vindicated. Besides the lengthenings before *ld*, *nd*, &c., which were pointed out in an earlier paper, the following were some of the most important results:—(1) Change of *bræc*, &c., into *brāc* in West Saxon by the influence of the plural *brācon*, whence Chaucer's *seet*: *feet*, &c., the modern *sat*, &c., being due to Mercian, which, like the other un-Saxon dialects, lengthened only a few preterites—*cōm*, *nōm*, and apparently *dē*. (2) The former explanation of *ōn* and *ūn* was withdrawn, and the lengthening was attributed to the rarity of words ending in *-on* and *-un*, and the influence of those in *-ān* and *-ūn*. Similarly, the only words in *-of* are *of*, *lof*, and *hof*, all of which were lengthened in the earliest period. The same is the explanation of *wil*, *git*, and many other words. (3) *Niwe* and *hiw* by analogy. (4) Shortening before double consonants, as in *sōhte* and *brohte*. (5) Length preserved before *st*, *sc*, as in *gāst*, *Crist*; and (6) in recent inflections and derivatives, such as *lōdde*, *gitsian*.

FINE ART.

THE SALON OF 1881.

(Fourth and Concluding Notice.)

BEFORE passing to the consideration of the sculpture, something must be said of a few at least of the many and meritorious landscapes of which this year can boast. Not to speak of old favourites like Karl Daubigny, Harpignies, Lavielle, and others previously well known

to us, there seems to be a large proportion of good work by younger men, although, oddly enough, there is hardly anything of first-rate importance. M. Lavielle has treated *La Crue de la Corbionne à Bretoncelles* with even more than his accustomed delicacy of observation; the study of the values in the middle distance, the graceful drawing of the leafless branches black across the pale gray-golden sky in which the moon is slowly rising above the meadows lying under water, are points specially worthy of attention. M. Masure, another pupil of Corot's, contributes in *Marée basse* an excellent study of an expanse of sea rippling under a cloudy sky showing breaks of red. M. Billotte has two delicately treated studies of evening effects: *Le Soir—Effet de Lune*, and *Le Soir—Neige fondante*, of which perhaps the moonlight is the more successful. The snow in his second work looks a little painty, especially if we turn to it after M. Denduyt's *Dégel*, in which the very action of the thaw going on under the pale gleam of a winter's sunset is rendered with remarkable truth. But M. Billotte's *Effet de Lune* rewards much looking; it is as broadly and finely conceived as M. Le Poittevin's *Effet du Soir—Étretat*, and presents a wonderful variety of suggestive detail. In the foreground is a woman driving home bullocks towards a quiet homestead far hidden in the wood; the full moon is shining in a lovely, tremulous sky over green meadows and fields in which the plough is at rest, and making infinite mystery of the middle distance and of the exquisite undulations, most delicately drawn, of the distant hills. Nor should a very finely composed landscape by Léon Flahault be neglected—a landscape which shows that the simplest subject, if the lines be only noble, will fill the largest canvas. Nothing could be simpler than the subject which M. Flahault has chosen—a broad road, along which a herdsman is slowly coming towards us behind his flock; there are fields to right and left, and on the right begins a belt of trees which stretches onwards dwindling and becoming a depth of dark just where the road turns in the very centre of the picture. The whole effect depends on the happy instinct with which the curves of the road, the line of the belt of trees, and the cloudy movement of the sky have been brought into relation with each other. The sky of M. Joubert's prettily chosen subject—*Une Gorge de Montagnes d'Avrets (Morbihan)*—is noticeable for its fine gradations from blue to golden-gray, against which the branches of a group of leafless poplars tell with much grace of effect; the course of the little stream in which two white herons are fishing is marked by pollard willows, and the white plumage of the birds accentuates the darkest point among the gray rocks of the foreground. Sketches of both these works will be found in M. Dumas' excellent *Catalogue illustré* of the Salon, which is this year even better than last. It scarcely seems to be sufficiently understood that M. Dumas admits no sketches in his catalogue except those executed by the artists themselves. He does not attempt to give complete records of the works selected, but simply such notes as their authors themselves present to him, and which must presumably have some personal value, and represent the points in each case to which they attach chief importance. Space, however, forbids our dwelling at length on this convenient book. Nor will space permit us to make mention of much in the section of engraving which is worthy of note. Gaillard, Gannerel, Rajon, Flameng, Bracquemond, and other distinguished names are all represented this year, and M. Bracquemond's reproduction of Delacroix's picture, *Séance de la Convention du 20 Mai, 1795, présidée par Boissy d'Anglas*, is extremely remarkable on account

of the exactness of the rendering of the character of the painting and of the nature of the execution; for the sombre grandeur of the *ensemble*, and the frankness and simplicity of the means employed. But, though there is much that is very good, I do not think that there is anything of capital importance; and, if this is true of the sections of engraving and of painting, it is even more true of that of sculpture.

M. Barrias occupies at least a considerable place with *La Défense de Paris en 1870*—a subject which he has embodied in an enormous group, the central figure of which is the Republic in the uniform of a *Garde nationale*, with a crown of towers on her head: the conception and treatment alike show a rather unhappy mixture of classic allegory and *la modernité*, with—in the figure of the little beggar-boy asleep behind—reminiscences of Italian style. The second contribution of M. Barrias, a standing statue of *Bernard Palissy*, looks—in spite of the ugliness of the bronze, which has the air of a coloured cast—a more real piece of work; there seems rather too much apron and oven and pots and fossils; but the head and hands are good in character, and the expression of the eyes is fine, so that, though all that one reads, or that tradition hands down to us, concerning Palissy leads one to look for a more rugged type, one may well be content to accept a version which, if too polished, is at any rate grave, thoughtful, and dignified.

Works of very great size, if not of very great merit, do indeed predominate in the garden this year, and Lord Ronald Gower bears away the palm, even from M. Barrias, as to size, with the production described in the catalogue as "*Shakespeare—statue, plâtre*"—a thing which looks like a Brobdignagian Twelfth cake, and has been appropriately installed in front of the *restaurant*. I will not undertake to criticise a work which I confess myself wholly unable to understand, but the comments of professional sculptors, whether "modern" or no, seemed to vary only between "*Tiens, c'est mauvais!*" and "*Tiens, c'est drôle!*" to either of which now and then was added a long-drawn "*Le pauvre bon-homme de Shakspear!*" Another group of immense size, called *Charité romaine*, by M. Lemaire, is also of immense pretension; and, if the execution is not of that order which invites us to examine it in detail, the whole presents an amusing variety of treatment. Two bas-reliefs—one of which embodies, we are told, *L'Amour de la Vérité*, and the other *L'Amour du Bien de la Nature*—are inserted in the vast pedestal, and these are modelled after the example of Italian sixteenth-century work, but the group above is in all the glory of the blanket drapery which has recently become the fashion; even the kerchief on the head of the female figure is cut out of this solid material. Notwithstanding its apparent weight, a formless morsel of this stuff flies from her head, and suggests a pretence of concealing her action, as it rests on that of the aged man to whom she offers her breast. If blanketing is the chosen material, it is of course necessary to give it an air of proper solidity and thickness; but why should M. Aimé Millet have bestowed these same qualities on the lace veil which drapes the head and shoulders of his reclining statue for the tomb of the Princesse Christine de Montpensier? After the successful bronze of Denis Papin which he exhibited last year, M. Millet's present contribution awakes feelings of disappointment; this statue of Princess Christine surely requires some more months of labour to bring it up to a level of good workmanship, such as one has the right to expect from a sculptor of M. Millet's reputation. In this respect, that accomplished master, M. Guillaume, usually sets an excellent example; he

is never original, but he is rarely negligent, and there are some charming points of finish in his pretty and graceful group of *Andromache*. The body of *Andromache* seems, perhaps, not quite sufficiently felt, and there is a bunchy line of drapery just where you want to get firm grip of the forms of the right knee and leg; but the general arrangement of the folds is very attractive, and the wrists and elbow-joints of the figure are a masterly study of supple beauty.

M. Gautherin's *Paradis perdu* is also noteworthy—a little heavy, perhaps, but admirably worked out and well composed. The composition does not, though, look as if it were of an order proper to the talent of the sculptor, who is best known to the public by his charming figure of *Clotilde de Surville*. It is, indeed, said that the design for this group is not precisely original; and that we are here in presence of one of those incidents of reminiscence which now and again give birth to unfortunate, and sometimes unjust, suspicions. Near to M. Gautherin's group stands M. Gérôme's *Anacreon*; the poet bears in his arms a lively Cupid and an infant Bacchus drowsy with wine; he smiles, as Cupid lays his fingers on his beard, and steps forward bearing his lyre on his back. There is much that is extremely happy and interesting in this group; but the general effect is marred by a tendency to lineiness, and the pleated drapery, which falls in long, regular folds about the figure of *Anacreon*, requires, it seems to me (like the pattern of M. Aimé Millet's lace veil), an infinity of work directed here and there to the effacing of harsh and rough accent, so as to bring variety into the surface, and spaces of contrast which would enhance the play of light and shade, and do away with the unpleasant look of streakiness which now prevails. Oddly enough, what is said of the drapery may also be repeated of the face of the poet, whose wrinkled smile takes an aspect of grimace, from—as it seems to me—precisely the same defect of workmanship.

For a charming bit of execution, we may go to M. Allar, whose graceful group, *La Mort d'Alceste*, now appears in marble, or to M. Coutan's *Eros*, a picturesque rendering of Love, who, holding his bow in his left hand, draws a shaft, from the quiver at his back, with his right. This figure poises itself upon the left foot, which is set on a globe rolling in uncomfortable puffs of marble cloud, necessary to the balance of the work; close after flies a dove, on whose back Love places his left foot, while her mate clings closely to the moving ball. The movement of the body, in the sense of the curves of the bow, is extremely well felt, and expressive of pliancy and sway; and the torso is noticeably full of work, and yet young. The whole effect is that of a graceful decorative object, which would look admirably attractive *en bibelot*, like M. Fremiet's capital little bronze of the *Great Condé* or M. Moreau-Vauthier's pretty *Fortune*, of which there is, this year, a drawing-room table reduction in ivory, the charm of which is a little marred by the violent blue of the enamelled ball on which the figure rests, and which is not brought into harmony even by the splendid enrichments of a pedestal adorned with gold and silver and precious stones. In connexion with this class of work may also be taken M. Carrier-Belleuse's life-size *Filomela*, a conventionally pretty figure, with gold-stringed lute and tinted hair, delicate, affected, and silly-looking, but supple and dainty in workmanship.

To quite another order belongs M. Godebski's *Persuasion*, or, as he himself calls his work on its pedestal, *La Luxure et la Chasteté*. The two figures—a satyr with an uncertain nymph upon his knee—are well put together, the movement comes well, the whole group is well balanced, and profiles from every point of view;

but the work is as *canaille* as M. Morot's *St. Anthony*, the head of the satyr is unnecessarily hideous, and the general impression is disgusting.

Among the works of less pretension, and of younger men, which must be briefly mentioned in conclusion, are several single figures of considerable excellence, among which M. Labartet's *Narcisse* is worth attention, the torso especially being noticeable for the thorough modelling which it displays. The *Abel* of M. Carles, too, is very closely studied, the curve of the body at the hips is finely rendered, and the attachments of the arms are good. M. Mabile sends a *Mélégre* standing on the boar's head, which looks an energetic piece of work; and the statue of *Persée*, by M. Martin, which stands opposite to M. Mabile's *Mélégre*, although it suggests disadvantageous recollections of Cellini and Le Mercier's treatment of the same subject, has merit of its own. The head of *Perseus* is well capped, good and dignified in expression; the dragon is rather grotesque—as dragons are apt to be—but is well arranged, and makes a good mass, on which *Perseus* stands firmly, his right foot planted on the rock round which the beast coils, his left upon its back; the attitude has the merit of looking easy and natural, and the extremities are rather more studied than is now usual. Searching workmanship is, if not becoming rarer among French sculptors, certainly not on the increase, and much that is very attractive at the first look is, consequently, only a source of disappointment on closer inspection. Take, for instance, M. Gaudey's *Nymphe Echo*, which is full of movement and life—she runs and listens in the most lively way—and then look at her feet; it is no use to say to oneself, "This is only the plaster; one will find all perfectly executed when the work is put into marble." Experience shows one that what is left undone in the clay is usually left undone also in the marble. It is true that the labour which may be bestowed in achieving a result which will be visible only to the few is all but interminable. "Ca ne finit donc pas, la sculpture!" said a painter—renowned for scrupulous workmanship—when he set himself for the first time to put life into the marble. There is, of course, always a danger—to the weaker men—of adding finish which is inappropriate, and therefore injurious to the effect of the something good on which they may have begun; but it would bode ill to the prospects of any art if the number of those who make inexorable demands on themselves in its service should appear to diminish. And in our modern life we have so little time for that long dwelling by which alone we can adequately appreciate the result of the sculptor's long labours, that it seems incumbent even on those who only look and admire to strive to raise the level of their demands, lest the most zealous should be disheartened by the ease with which we seem to be satisfied, and the very carelessness of our pleasure.

E. F. S. PATTISON.

THE DECORATIVE ART EXHIBITION.

THE need of some exhibition to illustrate periodically the progress of decorative art has for some time been felt, and the patrons and promoters of the present collection at 103 New Bond Street may be thanked for assisting to satisfy it. It is not to be expected that the first attempt, in premises which, though extensive and well decorated, are scarcely palatial would succeed in assembling all that is good and new; but so wide a field has been ranged by Mr. Gullick, the director, and such admirable taste shown in the selection of the articles, that it may be safely said to represent not unworthily the study and skill which have of late years, both in England and on the

Continent, been employed in purely decorative art.

It is one of the merits of this exhibition that it takes a large view of what is decorative, and very properly admits designs the aim of which is higher than that of mere ornament, if the conception is sufficiently broad and noble to be impressive, without regard to detail. It is here that the extremes touch. The greatest work in painting is also the most nobly decorative; and an exhibition of decorative art should rightly include, as this does, such monumental cartoons as Mr. Goodall's *Jochebed* and *Sarah*, and the latest ceramic fancies of Boulenger and Co.

Here and there, perhaps, the line is a little overstepped, as in Mr. Gullick's cleverly painted head of a Spanish lady, but this is very seldom; and the work we have mentioned scarcely needs an excuse for its presence when we remember that it is to Mr. Gullick's labour and taste that this very interesting collection has been brought together for our pleasure.

In wall and window decoration it is pleasant to see so much fine and appropriate work by English artists. Mr. Westlake has some designs, marked by his usual learning, purity, and sweetness; and Mr. Henry Holiday's cartoons for stained glass and chalk studies of the figure need fear no comparison with any modern work of the same kind. He has evidently, like all the nobler artists of the present day, supplemented the study of what is best in ancient art with constant recourse to nature, and has used both to guide without strangling his own artistic impulses.

To artists who have achieved the highest honours in art purely pictorial the exhibition owes many works of interest. Ingenuity, perhaps, rather than genius, marks the curious design by Mr. Millais, in which the tracery of a church window is ornamented with angels, pairs of which bend over the apex of each light, their wings arching on each side and their lips meeting in a holy salute above. Suggestive, but unfinished, like so much of this artist's imaginative work, is Mr. Watt's sketch of *The Sun god (Hyperion)*, *the Earth*, and *the Moon*; and Mr. Alma-Tadema has a recumbent figure of a girl which might have decorated a panel at Pompeii, and a drawing for an onyx-and-marble window in his own residence which shows not only his well-known imitative skill, but the care and thoroughness which he applies to all that he undertakes. Mr. Herbert's study for the head of King Lear in his well-known fresco at Westminster, and a replica in "buon fresco" of Mr. Armitage's severe head of St. Simon at St. John's Church, Islington, are also noble contributions by our Royal Academicians. For domestic decoration, nothing could be better than Mr. Marks' wonderful frieze of storks and other birds, including a secretary; or the splendidly painted panels of fruit by Mr. William Hughes. Among many other clever works of the same order we noticed Mr. Walter Crane's panels for mosaic; an exquisitely painted satin-wood panel by Mr. J. S. Pearce; and a very original notion for a decorative panel of *Cupid's Awakening*, by W. C. Simons, in which a very successful attempt has been made to contrast nature and art by the introduction of a few very forcibly painted roses, which look as if they had been freshly picked and hung over the frame of the picture. Some panels by Mr. H. W. Schafer, Charles Coleman, and other works by other hands deserve more notice than we can give them. In its way unrivalled is a design for tapestry by M. Ch. Lamière.

In furniture, we noticed especially a lady's bureau in box-wood exquisitely carved, exhibited by Gueret Frères; Messrs. Gillow's beautiful doors for the Royal Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition of 1878; a comparatively simple but

very light and elegant satin-wood cabinet, by S. Robertson; and some *Vernis Martin* tables by P. Sormani et Fils.

If we leave off particularising now, it is only for want of space. The visitor who goes to enjoy the sight of beautiful things will need no guide in rooms where ugliness and want of taste are so rare. It is but a change of refined pleasure to turn from the wood-carvings of Messrs. Gibson and Kendall to the Limoges enamels of Mme. de Cool, from Mr. N. Hitch's clever painted stone *relievs* to the tapestry of M. Brignolas, from the perfect embroidery of the School of Art Needlework to Mr. Bergne's marvellous ironwork, or from the masterpieces of the Venice and Murano Glass Company and M. Salviati to the exquisite gold and silver ornaments and jewellery exhibited by MM. Melillo and Giugliano. To those who study the progress of decorative art, the exhibition will be interesting and encouraging. We trust that the exhibition will become one of the annual treats of the London season. There is plenty of room for an exhibition which shall bear the same relation to the South Kensington Museum as the Royal Academy does to the National Gallery. If the same spirit and taste continue to govern its council, it is not likely to want due encouragement; and it is to be hoped that it will be something besides a treat to the educated—viz., a means of instruction to the artisan. We trust that the direction will see their way to give special facilities to this class for examining their collection of treasures. That English manufactures should be marked by originality, or at least novelty, as well as by beauty of design, is necessary from a commercial, as well as desirable from an aesthetic, point of view; and for this purpose it is important that our artisans should not only study good models, but be *au courant* with the latest movements of decorative ideas, both at home and abroad. Though nearly all new work is based upon the old, and generally, perhaps, inferior in power of suggestion, the modern work is the more fertile; it has not only a fresher touch of life, but it engenders emulation—one of the greatest stimulants to invention.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

PROF. MENZEL'S DRAWINGS.

THE Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours has received an important addition in the form of a few drawings by its distinguished honorary member, Prof. Adolf Menzel, the well-known illustrator of Kugler's *Life of Frederick the Great* and the jubilee edition of *Zerbrochener Krug*. Prof. Menzel's labours for the magnificent but privately printed edition of the works of Frederick the Great, commenced by direction of the late King of Prussia, must have absorbed so much of his time as to partly account for the comparative localisation of his fame; but his long and industrious life has been productive of works in almost all methods of pictorial art, from lithographs to oils. It is a matter of some regret that the rules of the society, who have honoured themselves not less than the artist in admitting him to membership, prevent them from introducing more than, as it were, a small portion of his genius to the English public.

It would appear probable, and we hope our surmise is correct, that even in the few works of Prof. Menzel here exhibited the society have stretched a point in favour of the artist. Two of the drawings—viz., those of Frederick the Great and his sister—are mainly in pastel, and are wonderful examples of what solidity and transparency can be "got" by thoroughly skilful use of this material. Otherwise, they exhibit, beside their fine drawing and other technical qualities, the rare power of designing portraits of historical persons as though they

had been drawn from the life. It is difficult to believe that this rubicund, thick-throated monarch did not "stand" just thus before Prof. Menzel, and that the artist has never seen this lady taking a volume from her book-case. The other drawings exhibit great versatility. One, in body-colour, represents a lady of the seventeenth century standing by a spinet, turning over the leaves of her music-book as though she were selecting an air. The lid of the instrument is richly painted inside with some allegorical or pastoral subject in the manner of the time, and is opened against a tapestried wall, giving an opportunity for clever discrimination of texture and colour; she herself is attired in a black dress with white ruffles and a large white cap, and stands with her back to a window. The technical difficulties of rendering the complicated effect of light thus chosen are completely surmounted, and the silvery brightness of this part of the picture is admirably balanced by the warmth and various colour of the furniture. Still more daring and complex lights distinguish a drawing of the interior of an inn, with a monk peeping into the kitchen, out of which pours the rich glow of the fire. Two fine studies of hands (full size), also in body-colour, and three small life-like portraits (in transparent water-colour) of officers in the German Army, complete the list at present; but two or three more—one of which at least will, we believe, show the artist's skill in landscape—will be added in a few days. Few as the drawings are, they are sufficient to show the Professor's "hand;" and the one frame which contains the three little portraits just mentioned would alone entitle him to hold front rank among the masters of water-colour.

C. M.

THE EXHIBITION IN FLORENCE OF THE PICTURES IN THE MAGAZINES OF THE UFFIZI.

IN a former article in the ACADEMY, some of the pictures which for many years have been hidden in the extensive magazines of the Uffizi were described. Among these are four portraits by Sir Peter Lely, commissioned by Prince Cosmo of Tuscany when he visited England, and a very interesting tempera painting which I assigned reasons for believing to be a specimen of Sandro Botticelli. The pictures have been carefully examined, and will be reported upon by a commission appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction; but one only of the commissioners, the Cavaliere Gaetano Milanese, accepted my theory of the Botticelli. He made use of the article in the ACADEMY in support of his opinion; and, after a long series of earnest debates, and a comparison of this work with other examples of the great master, I am now informed that its claims are admitted and that it will be placed in the gallery. It is by no means in every respect a first-rate example; but as showing Botticelli's method of procedure, and the principles of painting advocated by Cennino Cennini, it is invaluable; while, as containing numerous portraits of Savonarola and his contemporaries and adherents, its interest is unique.

Among the pictures lately exhibited are topographical views of villas which belonged to the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, with their formal gardens and groups of courtiers of the seventeenth century, many playing at croquet or other games. In the present state of Italian villas near Florence little idea can be formed of their former splendour, spoilt and altered as they have been. These pictures, therefore, have a special interest. One, a view of Caffagiolo, shows the Tuscan country mansion in its noblest form, and at the same time famous as the site of the manufacture of the most beautiful majolica produced in Tuscany.

A series of long, narrow pictures have been used as a frieze of a hall or gallery, representing the procession which took place at Bologna on the coronation of Charles V. by Clement VII. This remarkable work, cleverly painted, is copied from an engraving of which only four specimens are known to exist. The last of these, purchased by the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell for £200, was by him reproduced in a handsome folio volume, the work of Messrs. Waterston, of Edinburgh. I have lent this to the commissioners, that they may estimate the value of the painting. There is, I believe, no copy of the old print in Italy.

The eminent artist and portrait painter, the Cavaliere Ciseri, has, I am informed, proposed that the long suite of rooms connected with the Florence Gallery should be prepared to receive a careful selection of these pictures, thus forming a museum of substantial value of an historic and illustrative character. It may be permitted to state that this use of the pictures has been already suggested in the columns of the ACADEMY. If Signor Ciseri's proposal is adopted, it may be the means of saving now, and in future times, many pictures of an illustrative character, too apt to be condemned because not of high quality as works of art.

Many more pictures remain to be exhibited. Of the hundreds hitherto exposed, the first impression is that the range of subjects for some centuries has been very limited; that during all these years artists rarely displayed any originality in the choice of theme. That such should have been the case in religious pictures is easily understood; but why Potiphar's wife should have employed so many artists, why Lucretia should turn up in every file of paintings, why the same nymphs and fauns should crowd the walls, can only suggest wonder at the prevalent perversion of taste for long periods.

C. HEATH WILSON.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE understand that Mr. T. A. Trollope will contribute to the July number of the *Magazine of Art* an article on Guido's so-called "Conci Portrait." The paper, which will be illustrated, is intended to prove that the well-known picture has no connexion with "Beatrice Conci."

MR. C. MAGNIAC, M.P., has accepted the presidency of the meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute to be held at Bedford on July 26.

THE Louvre, which has hitherto only possessed one unimportant drawing as an example of Sir Thomas Lawrence, bought recently at the sale of Mr. Bale's collection at Christie and Manson's the fine portrait of Lord Whitworth, which is generally acknowledged to be a good specimen of Lawrence's style. Lord Whitworth was at one time Viceroy of Ireland, and was the English ambassador at Paris at the time when the Peace of Amiens was signed. The picture has therefore an historic, as well as an artistic, value. It is well known from its having been engraved in the black manner by Charles Turner. The Louvre paid 350 guineas for it.

THE new picture by Hans Makart is now on exhibition at the Künstlerhaus at Vienna. Its title is *Summer*, and the subject is a party of bathers of the fair sex—some in the water, some dressing—among whom are recognised the best-known beauties of the Austrian capital.

A SWISS painter, Herr Boss, of Muri, has been called to Munich in order to undertake, in conjunction with a fellow-pupil of the Bern Art School, the "renovation" of the frescoes upon the Isearthor. These frescoes represent the triumphant entry of Ludwig the Bavarian after the Battle of Amping, and were painted by Bernhard von Neher, who was one of the

earliest pupils of Cornelius, contemporary with Kaulbach.

THE death has lately taken place of the well-known collector and archaeologist, M. Benjamin Fillon, whose sale about four years ago created so much interest in art circles and among book-collectors. M. Benjamin Fillon was a frequent contributor to the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* and other art papers, and has rendered many services to art and archaeology.

THE cathedral church of Gran has been made the subject of a work that will be invaluable to all those interested in religious art. This is the *Geschichtliches, Beschreibendes und Urkundliches aus dem Graner Domschatze*, which has just been published both in German and Hungarian at the cost of Card. Johann Simor, Primate of Hungary and Archbishop of Gran. The compiler is Dr. F. Danks, of the cathedral chapter. An historical description is given of the many art treasures preserved here, especially those collected by the "literary king" of Hungary, Matthias Corvinus. There are fifty-five plates showing photographic reproductions of rare hymn-books, missals, evangelaria, vestments, and metal-work.

IN a recent number of the *Gegenwart*, Prof. A. von Werner, Director of the Academy at Berlin, argues at length against the authenticity of the celebrated picture recently acquired by the Berlin Museum, which is commonly ascribed to Rubens.

AT a recent session of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, M. Fr. Lenormant read a paper on Elagabalus, the Sun-god of Emesa, or Homs, in Syria. The god was worshipped under the form of a conical black stone, originally an *ærolite*, like the famous image of the Ephesian Artemis, and was inscribed with mysterious characters. It stood ordinarily on a metal pedestal, adorned with an eagle with spread wings. M. Lenormant derived the name of the deity from the Semitic *el*, "god," and the Accadian *gibil*, "fire," and observed that an unedited cuneiform inscription explains the Accadian Fire-god *Gibil* as "the god of the black stone." As the Greeks and Romans identified the old Fire-god of Emesa with the sun, the names Heliogabalus and Sol Elagabalus became current. The god was served by hereditary high-priests, who, in the later days of the Seleukids, usurped the sovereignty of the city and took the title of kings. Their rule lasted, as is shown by coins, up to the time of Antoninus Pius, after which they became again simply high-priests. One of these was Bassianus, who at the age of fourteen was proclaimed Emperor by the soldiers through the intrigues of his mother, Julia Soaimes. He assumed the name of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, though generally known in history as Elagabalus. The one aim of his life was to extend the worship of his god, whom he is represented on his coins as worshipping in the garb of a Syrian priest. The black stone was removed to Rome, and a temple built in its honour on the Palatine, while another conical black stone representing the Phœnician Tanit, the female consort of the Sun-god, was brought from Carthage in order to be married to Elagabalus. Children are said to have been sacrificed to the new gods of Rome. However this may be, the black stone was restored to Emesa after the Emperor's death, though the temple, called Elagabalum, continued to exist at Rome as late as the reign of Constantine.

AN altar-piece by Giovanni Sanzio, the father of Raphael, existing in a church at Castello di Gradara, near Pesaro, has lately been repaired by order of the Italian Minister of Public Instruction. The artist employed was Signor Filippo Fiscali, of Florence. The picture had

suffered to a grievous extent by the dampness of the church, the smoke of candles, and general neglect. The method of repairing it is an interesting testimony to the change of ideas on this subject which has taken place among the Italians. The detached colour has been carefully laid down; the coating of dirt, the accumulation of centuries, has been removed without injury to the true surface; parts entirely fallen away have been stuccoed and then washed with water-colour of a harmonious neutral tint. Thus no retouching or imitative mending is attempted anywhere. This is a great advance in sound principles, and it is thus that the frescoes in Assisi have been repaired. Several works of Giovanni Sanzio have recently come to light, all described as pictures of remarkable power, good design for his period, and rich and powerful colour. In consequence, some surprise has been expressed that Giovanni should have thought it necessary to place his son under the instruction of Pietro Perugino, being himself so capable a master of the art. However that may be, these pictures show, in an interesting manner, that the genius of the immortal son was inherited from a father who was in reality a much better artist than has hitherto been credited.

THE Hall of the Lilies of the Palace of the Municipality of Florence is to be restored under the direction of the eminent artist Signor Cavaliere Ciseri; and the fresco in the same room by Ghirlandajo, so recklessly injured by Giorgio Vasari, is to be restored by Prof. Cambi.

THE *Portfolio* is very good this month, both in matter and illustration. Mr. Hamerton again contributes a well-considered paper upon "Style," in which he marks the difference between *technical* style, defined as "the grace of the workman in the exercise of his craft," and *intellectual* style, "the result of culture." But surely, beside these acquired styles, there is the artist's own style, as individual to him as to the writer; so that we are enabled to tell the work of one man from that of another simply by means of their different styles. Technical style is well compared by Mr. Hamerton to what is termed "good form" in cricket and rowing. This is acquired usually by good training, but even in cricket each bowler and batsman has his peculiar style, apart from his accidental tricks of manner, perfectly recognisable by players. The two etchings of the number are by W. B. Hole and Jacob Hood, the latter representing with Rembrandtesque effect the process of glass-blowing in a Lancashire factory.

Harper's Magazine, always strong in topographical articles, commences this month what promises to be an interesting series of papers on "The White Mountains," by Samuel Drake, illustrated by some exquisite wood-cuts of the scenery, and another on Portugal, by Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, called "A Neglected Corner of Europe," with excellent illustrations drawn by J. W. Champney. Edwin Booth and Benedetto Civiletti, the clever young Sicilian sculptor, whose group of *Canaris at Scio* gained for him a gold medal and the Cross of the Legion of Honour at Paris in 1878, furnish subjects for two other interesting papers.

THE colossal equestrian statue that the Milanese have erected to the memory of their liberator, Napoleon III., is generally admitted to be one of the finest works of the kind that have been produced for many years. The Emperor is admirably posed, and his military costume is treated with great success. The horse seems proud of his burden, and is full of vigour—a war horse of noble character and courage. The whole group, indeed, in all its line, is truly excellent. It is the work of a Milanese sculptor, Prof. Francesco Barzaghi, and it adds greatly to his already high reputation. The

casting, which is most successful, has been done by MM. Galli, of Florence.

IN last week's *L'Art* are given two remarkable etchings. The one by J. Letoux represents an old street in Vitre, Brittany, with its rich architecture thrown into strong light and shade; the other is a clever rendering, by Jules Jacquemart, of the well-known picture by Jan van der Meer, of Delft, called *The Soldier and the Laughing Girl*.

THE STAGE.

THE GYMNASSE COMPANY AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

BRIGHT acting and lively writing make the French performances at the Gaiety Theatre attractive, even when there is no "star" greater than M. St.-Germain and no piece newer than *La Papillonne*. But in truth it would be easy to underrate the *Papillonne* and difficult to surpass M. St.-Germain. The play is M. Sardou's. It is a play that may rank almost with his early ones. It is nearly twenty years old, and we have only recently had an adaptation of it at the Criterion, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham bustles and hurries effectively for the space of a couple of hours. *La Papillonne* deals with a character that is always amusing—a male flirt so constant in the pursuit of his vocation that he may be deemed more professional than amateur; and it deals with a matter which has to be handled very lightly on the stage, if it is handled at all, and that is the rebellion of a truant and a wanderer against the idea of conjugal fidelity. When the hero of *La Papillonne*—who is really a very light person indeed, and quite incapable of thinking out a difficult problem—asks whether his admiration for his own roses should prevent him from admiring those in his neighbour's garden, and whether he is to take no interest in a book that is lent him because he happens to care for one that he himself possesses, he is suggesting the question which even William Blake found it desirable to answer in the form of an allegory, declaring only that

"Love, free love, cannot be bound
To any tree that grows on ground."

And that is not a question which can be answered at all upon the stage—not even in the boldest philosophy of M. Alexandre Dumas. Such a theme, at the theatre, is not raised for discussion at all. It is only, and very rightly, raised for ridicule. And M. St.-Germain in the *Papillonne* shows us its funniest side in the most delicate of ways. The play is a witty and an extravagant farce. If it pretended to be a picture of real life, and this gentleman, who follows every agreeable face with new enthusiasm, were presented to us as a being we might any day meet in reputable drawing-rooms, the thing would be an offence. But plot and character and witty observation, all belong to some wild world with whose imaginary problems nineteenth-century life has nothing to do.

Mdme. Celine Montaland, Mdle. Brindeau, and M. Landrol take part in the performance, as well as the finished comedian of whom we have already spoken. Mdle. Brindeau is in no wise remarkable, save for that tranquility of grace which is wholly French. Mdme. Celine Montaland was a much-talked-about young beauty some fifteen years ago, and she is now at the stage at which a talked-about beauty wisely bethinks herself that she may become an artist. She has some few gifts of her own, and the traditions of the theatre. M. Landrol we expect to see to far greater advantage than in this light piece of M. Sardou's. He is a serious and fully accomplished artist, upon whom the heaviest burdens of the Gymnase repertory have long been wont to rest. He is a comedian only a small portion of whose play is called upon to be comic. He was the hero of

the *Visite de Noces*—the most sternly analytical piece ever placed upon the modern stage. He played in it with Desclée, and his art seconded her genius. Obviously, then, neither the width nor the depth of his power can fairly be gauged by his performance in the *Papillonne*.

And as for M. St.-Germain himself, he is not seen at his best in this piece. One must get to the theatre early, in time for the *Monsieur en Habit noir*—the little piece on which the curtain first rises—if one is to know what an adroit and dexterous artist M. St.-Germain is. The piece has very little plot, and it has only one character—a middle-aged bachelor who, having made up his mind to marry, repairs to the house of the young woman's father, and there awaits his presence to propose for the daughter's hand. The twenty minutes that the play consumes are occupied with the expression of M. St.-Germain's fears, of his enthusiasm, of his hesitation, of his careful consideration of the family's condition, of his deliberation on his own hitherto unfettered existence—finally, of his decision to leave the house without dropping so much as a hint how serious had been his mission. Few English actors have anything approaching to M. St.-Germain's gift of occupying, without seeming stupidly to monopolise, so much time and attention. He gets on by himself almost as well as does Mdme. Chaumont—as did M. Levasseur. And he does this by the exercise of an art as minute as Meissonier's, as penetrating as Vibert's.

STAGE NOTES.

THE protests of certain subscribers who wished for variety in the Meininger performances were sufficient to induce the management, during last week and the present week, to keep pretty much to the original programme, and not to repeat *Julius Caesar* with marked frequency because of its success. *Julius Caesar* has given place to *Twelfth Night* and *Twelfth Night to The Robbers*; indeed, it has been impossible to follow all the performances in detail—the performances, it must be remembered, of a very numerous company, to whom speedy change of repertory is easy and habitual. But there has been no reason that we are aware of to change the generally favourable, though not enthusiastic, opinion of the Meininger actors expressed last Saturday, when we took occasion to point out that the characteristic of the company was the excellence of its minor players, the careful drilling of its supernumeraries, the perfection of what is called the *ensemble*. Certainly, the discovery of one little fact (for which we are indebted to a writer in the *Daily News* to whom we are accustomed to be indebted for things less unimportant)—the little fact that Herr Barnay has not been mixed up with the Meiningers quite so intimately as we had imagined—can have no substantial bearing on the judgment formed of the company's capacity. We were willing to credit the Meininger Theatre with having had more to do with the development of Herr Barnay's talent than it seems was the case. All the more truly then may it be said that the admirable company whose visit we welcome is a company of scientifically trained scholars, not a company of people of genius. It is curious that there are still in London a certain number of playgoers who do not miss the genius and the charm if they can discover the training. But these are generally beginners in the study of the drama; and the like of them, were it a question of literature or music, would probably opine that a group of grammarians could have written Wordsworth's *Prelude*, and that a knowledge of counterpoint was all that was required to make a Meyerbeer. We have long faithfully endeavoured to disabuse them of any such impression. The distance between genius and scholarship is one that divides two worlds.

MDME. MODJESKA has moved with Mr. Wilson Barrett's company to the Princess's Theatre, and has appeared there in a version of *Frou-frou* announced as prepared by Mr. Comyns Carr. The version has the advantage of being prepared by a keen student of the stage, and one alive to the graces of English style. It is fitted, we believe, a good deal to the particular actress who now plays the principal part, and differs in some essential respects from the version which was prepared for Miss Ellen Terry. It is not likely that much fault can reasonably be found with either adaptation, but the success of a piece must of course always be largely dependent on the individuality of the performers, and we cannot say that Mdme. Modjeska's individuality is at all fitted to the lightness of *Frou-frou*. We have all seen many *Frou-frous*; the *Frou-frou* of Mdle. Desclée to begin with—and it is the impression that she made to begin with that remains to the end. Then Mdle. Léonide Leblanc's "*Frou-frou*"—that of a woman who had more tenderness than intellect. Then Mdle. Beatrice's; perhaps Miss Ellen Terry's (though that has been played only in the provinces); certainly Mdle. Sarah Bernhardt's. Of these, the first and the last were incomparably the finest, and Mdme. Modjeska does little to pale the glories of either. As a piece of generally refined motive, and full of opportunities for quite subtle emotional disturbance—of a kind denied to the melodrama and denied sometimes to the tragedy—it is no wonder that *Frou-frou* appealed to Mdme. Modjeska, even though, along with things in which she might succeed brilliantly, it contained things in which she must inevitably fail. She is not ineffective in the character by any means; she is only unequal, and, therefore, not satisfactory. That curious union of girlish bravado and girlish timidity which Desclée gave so admirably in the first act—how can anyone with anything short of Desclée's genius or Desclée's temperament give it at all? Sarah Bernhardt did not succeed in this; but then in one subsequent act—the act of gradually roused quarrel between the two sisters—Sarah Bernhardt had not so much a success as a triumph. Nothing more intensely living, in the way of a gentlewoman's quarrel, was ever seen upon the stage. Perhaps Mdme. Modjeska is, beheld at her best in the act that passes at Venice, where the runaway lovers are trying to be happy and *Frou-frou* is really sighing for the amusements of Paris. The weariness that hardly recognises itself as weariness; the satiety that is as yet undeclared; the feeling of the hour when neither has had courage to say the word that each is thinking of—all that is within Mdme. Modjeska's range; and that she sufficiently represents. Again, Mdme. Modjeska is known to be great in pathetic deaths, and the death of *Frou-frou* is really far more pathetic than that of "the lady with the camellias." Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Forbes-Robertson appear prominently in the piece, as the husband and the lover of the heroine. Miss Ada Ward represents the self-sacrificing sister, whose stolid devotion is in part the cause of all the misadventures. Mr. G. W. Anson acts Brigard, the Bohemian parent of the young women. He plays skilfully and with pains, but poor old M. Ravel's lightness of touch is much to be desired in a part of this nature. Nor is this by any means the only part in the piece which might have been made more effective by a wiser distribution of the characters.

MUSIC.

HERR ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL; ETC.

THE immense audience at St. James's Hall last Thursday week, on the occasion of Herr Rubinstein's first pianoforte recital this season,

proved that the wonderful performances of the greatest of pianists four seasons ago have not been forgotten. After hearing him, one may perhaps come to the conclusion that his interpretations of the great masters are not altogether orthodox, and that his *technique*, though extraordinary, is not absolute perfection. But, while he is playing, the power of judging and criticising vanishes; so thoroughly does he possess you, so magic a spell does he cast around you. One can only listen and admire. It is not difficult to explain the secret of this fascination. He possesses one of the greatest and rarest of gifts—a fine touch—so that at times he sings rather than plays; and he understands the law of contrast, for he can render equally well passages requiring force and fire, and those demanding the utmost grace and delicacy. But more than all this, he thoroughly enters into the spirit of the various works, and gives them out as if they were inspired improvisations, so that what Wagner has said of Liszt can also be said of Rubinstein—viz., that his playing is "not mere reproduction, but real production." This marked individuality is the cause of his faults and eccentricities as well as of his power and success; for this reason, the former may well be excused. The errors of genius are not repulsive; they attract—nay, at times become positively interesting. Rubinstein's playing of Chopin is a case in point. His readings are daringly original, and many liberties does he take with the text; but his performance of Chopin's works is certainly one of the most characteristic and attractive features of his recitals. The programme of the first concert contained no novelties, but the selection was interesting and varied, including pieces by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and Rubinstein. From an artistic point of view, we consider the performance of Schumann's magnificent fantasia in C (op. 17) the greatest success of the recital. The second concert will take place on Monday, June 20.

The programmes of the last two Richter concerts (Monday, May 30, and Thursday, June 2) contained but one novelty; but some of the performances were exceptionally fine. This novelty was the last of a set of six symphonies composed by Haydn in 1786 for the "Concerts de la Loge olympique." According to Herr Pohl, it was played for the first time in Vienna under the direction of Herr Richter last March. It is one of the composer's brightest and most genial compositions. At the sixth concert, Mozart's symphony in D—*The Parisian*—was performed. Herr Richter has for the second time recognised English talent by giving Mr. C. V. Stanford's psalm, *God is our Hope and Strength*, for soli, chorus, orchestra, and organ. There was good reason for choosing a work by this composer, for his opera, *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, has recently been performed with marked success at Hanover. The psalm is cleverly written, but is not particularly original; it was composed in 1875.

On Wednesday last, Herr Carl Heymann gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall. He was very successful in his rendering of an *allegro* by Searlatti, and Bach's organ fantasia and fugue in G minor, transcribed by Liszt. He has a really excellent *technique*, and his playing is particularly neat, graceful, and delicate. We cannot say that his interpretation of Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata* was satisfactory; there was too much of the player and too little of the composer. The programme commenced with Rubinstein's sonata in D, for piano and violoncello, in which the pianist was assisted by Herr Hollmann, who has a fine tone, excellent fingers, and plays with taste and skill. The sonata was performed by both artists in a brilliant and energetic manner.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

THEATRES.

COURT THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

To-night, at 8.15, Mrs. CENTVILLE'S Comedy.

THE BUSYBODY.

Messdames Litton, Cresswell, Harris; Messrs. Kyrle Bellew, F. Everhill, J. Bannister, Raynham, Stephens, Selton.

Preceded, at 7.30, by

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Doors open at 7; carriages at 10.50. Seats booked at the Princess's and Court Theatres from 11 till 5. No fees.

MONDAY NEXT, JUNE 13TH.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

the second Comedy of Miss Litton's Series of Performances, will be produced.

Miss LITTON as PEGGY.

DURRY LANE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

The MEININGEN COURT COMPANY of his Serene Highness the GRAND DUKE OF SAXE MEININGEN, under the gracious patronage of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.

To-night, WILHELM TELL (Schiller).

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, June 13, 14, 15.

WINTERMARCHEN (WINTER'S TALE, Shakspeare).

Thursday, Friday, June 16, 17.

DIE ANFRAU (Grillparzer).

Saturday, June 18, IPHIGENIE (Goethe).

Prices—Boxes, £1 1s. to 45 6s.; stalls, 12s. 6d.; dress circle, 6s.; first circle, 3s.; balcony, 3s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE.

To-night, at 7.15, WAITING CONSENT,

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At 8, a new and original Comedy, in three acts, by HENRY J. BYRON, called

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a musical and dramatic absurdity, by Messrs. H. REECE and KNIGHT SOMMER, will be produced, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments.

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Under the immediate direction of Mr. H. B. Farnie.

New and elaborate scenery by Ryan and Hicks. Dresses, after designs by

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Preceded, at 7.30, by a Comedy, after Melhac and Halévy, entitled

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and ARTHUR SULLIVAN, entitled

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Messrs. George Grossmith, Rutland Barrington, Richard Temple, F.

Thornton, and Durward Lell; Messdames Leonora Draham, Jessie Bond,

Jela Gwynne, Furtene, and Alice Barrett.

Produced under the personal direction of the Author and Composer.

Conductor, Mr. F. Cellier.

Preceded, at 8, by

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by ARTHUR LAW and GEORGE GROSSMITH.

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Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.

To-night, at 8.40, a new Comedy, in three acts, called

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By F. C. BURNAND.

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